

The Outlook

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No. 3

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Populist Conventions.....	141
The Week in Congress.....	142
The Cuban Postal Defalcation.....	143
The Ice Trust Exactions.....	144
The St. Louis Strikes.....	144
Injunctions Affecting Labor.....	145
Commercial China.....	145
Indian Famine and Taxation.....	146
Lord Salisbury's Speech.....	147
The Boer War.....	148
The Boer Delegates.....	148
In Pretoria.....	149
The Transvaal Question.....	150
The Methodist Conference.....	150
The Episcopal Ministry.....	151
Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.....	152
Agricultural Credit Unions.....	152
The Total Eclipse.....	153

EDITORIALS:

The Montgomery Conference.....	153
The Case of Professor Gilbert.....	155
Japan and Korea.....	156
The Spectator.....	158

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Montgomery Conference.....	160
By Isabel C. Barrows	
With the Highlanders at Koodoesberg... ..	163
By James Barnes	
The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews.—II. Hebrew History.....	172
By Lyman Abbott	
Books and a Boy.....	178
By Katharine F. Reighard	

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Paris as It Is (Katherine De Forest).....	180
Books of the Week.....	182

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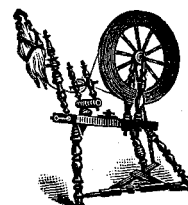
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The Populist Conventions

In the Congressional elections in 1894 the Populist party polled nearly a million and a half votes, about two-thirds of which were cast in the Northern States and one-third in the Southern. When Mr. Bryan's nomination by the Democrats in 1896 was ratified by the Populists, fusion between these two parties became practically complete in the North and the West; but in the South, where the Populists had been allied with the Republicans on all State issues, the members of the Populist party were generally unwilling to fuse with their old antagonists, the Democrats. For this reason the anti-fusion or "Middle-of-the-Road" Populists have retained considerable voting strength in the South, but in the North they constitute only the most uncompromising wing—or feathers—of the old party. Naturally enough, a good many of the Populist editors and agitators remain identified with them, but the faction has no strength whatever among the rank and file of the voters. Of the two Conventions held last week, therefore, the "Middle-of-the-Road" or anti-fusion Convention held at Cincinnati has politically but little significance. Judging from the elections in '98, the total voting strength of the anti-fusion party outside of the Gulf States will not exceed twenty thousand, and its voting strength in the Gulf States will in no quarter embarrass the Democrats. The Convention at Sioux Falls, on the other hand, represented nearly all the Populist voters in the North, and, thanks to Senator Marion Butler, those of North Carolina as well. In the character of the men who attended the two Conventions there was not a marked difference. A family quarrel is apt to be peculiarly bitter, and therefore at each of these Conventions a few delegates said rasping things about the delegates at

the other. Some of those at Cincinnati called the fusionists at Sioux Falls "Pie-eaters" because of their alleged willingness to let go their principles in order to obtain offices, while some of those at Sioux Falls looked upon their brothers at Cincinnati as "Hannarchists" because of their alleged willingness to disrupt the anti-monopoly forces at the behest of the Senator from Ohio. But in neither case was there any reason for questioning the motives of the great body of the delegates. In an unusual degree they were serious men moved by visions of a better future for the plain people of the country. At Cincinnati the New York "Sun's" correspondent noted the fact that the State delegations, almost without exception, put up at hotels at which there were no bars, and that the saloons of the city received scarcely any patronage from the delegates. Like the Abolition Conventions, of fifty years ago, the Populist Conventions contained visionaries of all descriptions, but were singularly free from representatives of the vicious elements of society.



The Platforms and Candidates

The platforms adopted by the two bodies did not differ widely, except in that the platform adopted at Cincinnati was the more radical. The platform adopted by the main body at Sioux Falls put first among its demands the issue of all money by the Government and not by the banks, and the free coinage of gold and silver at the old ratio, substituting the new silver money "dollar for dollar for the bank notes issued by private corporations" under the new banking act. The demand that the new silver currency should be used to retire existing currency, coupled with an assertion that the volume of the currency should be "so controlled as to maintain at all times a stable money market and a stable

price-level," reads like a distinct denial that the Populist party would indorse any inflation of the currency; but leaves the question open whether such a substitution would not be a deterioration of the currency. Next to the financial plank was placed a demand for a graduated income and inheritance tax: how the Constitutional difficulty is to be met does not appear. With regard to trusts, the Convention demanded that all tariffs on goods controlled by trusts should be abolished, and that discriminating freight rates should be brought to an end by the public ownership of railways: the first demand appears to us absolutely just, the second impracticable and inexpedient at the present time. A considerable part of the platform was devoted to the demand that the war in the Philippines should be stopped, and that the independence of the islands "under a stable government of their own creation" should be protected by the United States: our reasons for regarding such a policy impossible of adoption we have often repeated. Sympathy was expressed with the Boers, the municipal ownership of municipal franchises was demanded, and direct legislation was indorsed. As had been predetermined, Mr. Bryan was nominated by acclamation. With regard to the Vice-Presidency, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, General Weaver, of Iowa, and most of the leaders of the party, wished the selection of the candidate to be left to a committee which should confer with the Democrats and Silver Republicans; but the Convention, by a majority of two to one, voted to nominate a full ticket. When this decision had been reached, the Convention with great enthusiasm nominated ex-Congressman Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, for Vice-President. The fact that the Populist party took as its candidate for President the leader of the Democrats, and as its candidate for Vice-President the leader of the Silver Republicans, was believed to assure the complete fusion in this campaign of all the elements which supported Mr. Bryan in 1896. There is little doubt that Mr. Towne is Mr. Bryan's personal choice for his associate on the National ticket; but whether Eastern Democrats will consent to accept both of the Populist nominees is not yet fully determined. The nominees of the Cin-

cinnati Convention were Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, and Ignatius Donnelly, of Minneapolis.



The Week in Congress

The most interesting debate in Congress last week was that on the Naval Appropriation Bill. Here a decided sensation was created by the declaration of Senator Lodge that the construction of a powerful navy was an immediate necessity because of the danger that the United States might be compelled to go to war with Germany to sustain the Monroe Doctrine. The alarm created by this unexpected declaration, however, seemed to be greatest among Senator Lodge's party associates, who feared, not the danger of hostilities between Germany and the United States growing out of complications in Brazil, but the danger of hostility between German-Americans and the Republican party growing out of Senator Lodge's badly selected bugaboo. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin—who represents a State in which a majority of the voters are of German parentage—took occasion to reprimand his colleague from Massachusetts. "I have on the highest authority," he declared, "warrant for asserting that there has not been a time when there existed a more cordial relation between the United States and Germany than exists to-day." When the armor-plate problem was under discussion in the same debate, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, created a second sensation by charging that the Government had been defrauded in the adoption of the Harveyized armor. The patents upon this armor, he said, had been obtained by subterfuge; Government officials and ex-officials had been to a disgraceful extent engaged to press the claims of this armor; and, finally, all the armor-plate manufacturers had combined to extort outrageous prices. Senator Chandler favored the immediate construction of armor-plate works by the Government. A motion to construct such a plant without awaiting further negotiations with manufacturers was offered by Senator Pettus, of Alabama, and defeated by a margin of only two votes. Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, was the only Democrat who opposed it, while five Senators from the Republican side—

Chandler, Spooner, Davis, Nelson, and Thurston—voted in its favor. Our readers must remember that charges even by distinguished Senators are often to be taken with great allowance, and are not proof. In the House of Representatives the ship subsidy bill received some further attention owing to the submission of the reports of Democratic members of the Committee on Merchant Marine. Although the Democratic membership of this Committee was selected with a view to facilitate the granting of the proposed subsidy, no one of the Democratic members went so far in defiance of party sentiment as to approve the bill. Some of the members criticised a few important details, and others opposed its principle—declaring that the \$9,000,000 a year offered would all go to a few corporations now owning fast steamships, and that these would not reduce rates appreciably, because any appreciable reduction would keep “tramp” ships from coming to our ports for freight. The subsidy would have to be large enough to lower freight rates all over the world or they would not be lowered here. The fact that the passage of this subsidy bill at the present session of Congress would afford political capital against the Republican party gives ground to hope that it will not be passed; and the longer the delay and the fuller the debate the greater the hope of defeating it.



The Cuban Postal Defalcation

The Administration is showing every disposition to act with energy and thoroughness in obtaining all the facts about the postal frauds in Cuba. The general character of American control in Cuba is admitted even by the political enemies of the President to be of a high order, and to give immensely valuable lessons in public affairs to the Cubans—lessons absolutely necessary for them to learn before they undertake the difficult task of self-government. All the more, therefore, when embezzlement and scandal occur must our Government show the Cubans that, while we do not claim perfection for our political machinery, we are quick to detect and sure to punish the guilty. The condition of our postal service in Cuba is peculiar, because it is acting as a branch of the army, which is now

responsible for civil as well as military rule. The defalcation for which Mr. Neely has been indicted was discovered by Colonel Burton of the army, after Neely's accounts had been passed as correct by Deputy Auditor Lawshe, who has been suspended to await investigations. The circumstances are such that it is generally believed that others must have been involved with Neely in the dishonest transactions, and it is thought that the total amount of the thefts will exceed \$100,000. It is very freely charged that Neely's past history is such that he should not have been put in a position of trust; that Postal Director Rathbone has charged the Government with many thousands of dollars spent in personal extravagance and ostentation; that Rathbone has twice visited the United States for political purposes at Government expense, traveling with his party at public charge, while actually using passes; and that laxness, carelessness, and reckless expenditure have marked Rathbone's conduct throughout. There now appears a semi-official statement from Washington that Rathbone will be removed from office, at least during the investigation, although other reports say that he will be retained and forced to prosecute his subordinates. The Outlook is not in a position to pass an opinion on these charges. We can only urge that the fullest possible investigation be made. If it is true that in this one instance political influence has been allowed to prevail over public interest, the case may prove of great ultimate good as a warning against this danger in the future. The appointments of General Wood, Judge Taft, and Mr. Allen are beyond dispute admirable; the same principle which led to these appointments must govern in minor appointments throughout all our new possessions, if the United States is to be for our wards a model and a teacher. A minor point is raised in the question of the extradition of Neely; press despatches quote him as brazenly saying that there is no law under which he can be extradited and none under which he can be tried in this country; but it is certain that one or two criminals have already been extradited by General Wood, and we do not doubt that Neely will find that this “What are you going to do about it?” attitude, if really his, will not avail him.

The Ice Trust Exactions During the past fortnight the trust problem has been brought home to the people of this city as never before. Last year they got their ice from the wagons at thirty cents a hundred pounds. This year the newly formed American Ice Company—which has bought control of the local market—has at one step advanced the price to sixty cents a hundred. When the public cried out against the extortion, the President of the Ice Trust had the temerity to justify the advance by referring to the relative smallness of the Hudson River ice crop during the past winter, and the folly to urge that the ice-peddlers were the real extortioners upon whom public indignation should be centered. Fortunately for the public enlightenment, the managers of this particular trust were closely identified with the managers of Tammany Hall, and therefore journals accustomed to defend trusts joined in exposing the claims of the present one. It was clearly shown that the Hudson River ice crop had frequently been as small in past years, that the Maine supply was almost a constant quantity, and, finally, that artificial ice can this year, as heretofore, be sold at a profit at twenty-five cents a hundred pounds. In fact, according to the New York "Times," twenty-five cents a hundred pounds is the rate charged this season in New Orleans. The charge made by the President of the Ice Trust, that ice-peddlers, in keen competition with each other, were the real extortioners, hardly deserved reply, but a sufficient one was furnished in the fact that an advance of even ten cents a hundred pounds would add nearly ten dollars a day to the profits of a cart—or far more than the ordinary iceman makes. No one doubted that the Trust was solely responsible for the extortionate rates charged, and public thought turned with astonishing unanimity to the advisability of a municipal ice plant. Even the New York "Evening Post"—which a few years ago antagonized every effort of the public to advance its economic interests by public action—contained an admirable news article showing that artificial ice plants sufficient to supply the city could be constructed for \$7,000,000 and the ice delivered at the homes at ten cents a hundred pounds. The fact that

the ice business is one of those in which unified production and distribution offer exceptional economies—each district being best served by a single plant and a single delivery wagon on each route—makes it probable that municipal ice plants will one day be as popular as municipal waterworks. Meanwhile the chief, if not the only, objection to a municipal plant is the fact that the Tammany municipal government is apparently identified with the present Ice Trust.



The St. Louis Strike Last week the strike center shifted to the Missouri, and the disturbances were gravest on the street railway systems in the city of St. Louis and its Illinois suburb. As is usual, the press despatches are full of the "sound and fury, signifying nothing," which result from the strike, but are almost empty of information as to the cause. For East St. Louis, however, the demands of the strikers have found their way into print, and are as follows:

1. A thorough investigation of all charges against employees before dismissal.
2. Swing runs to be dispensed with, and employees to be given straight ten-hour runs.
3. A uniform schedule of twenty cents an hour.
4. Extra men who report at the car-sheds daily for emergency runs, as ordered by the superintendent, to receive half-pay for the time spent in waiting for these runs.

Apparently the chief aim of the strikers is to secure the certain employment of regular hands during ten consecutive hours, instead of the uncertain employment of irregular hands during hours that keep them on duty longer than they are at work. In these demands no mention is made of the union, though an Associated Press despatch speaks as if the exclusive employment of union men was the chief demand of the St. Louis strikers. Whatever the origin of the trouble, however, there is no doubt that the sympathizers with the strikers have resorted to violence to prevent the running of cars. Mobs have collected, stones have been thrown, and a few people have been injured. On Thursday of last week Governor Stevens, of Missouri, came to the city and lent his aid to the local authorities in their work of dispersing the mobs. This work was prosecuted by the local police with extreme vigor—

mounted squads riding into the crowds and slashing right and left with sabers. The Governor declared his readiness to call out the militia if necessary to restore order, but apparently the local forces were sufficient. The Governor endeavored to get the representatives of the strikers and the street railway companies to submit their differences to arbitration, but the companies' officials took the ground that they had nothing to arbitrate, and the trades-union leaders, while declaring that they were willing to submit their grievances to an impartial board of citizens, insisted that the companies must offer terms which their supporters would accept. The whole condition enforces the position which The Outlook has so often taken, that public highways should be brought under public control, and, on the one hand, the corporations should be compelled to do justice to their employees, while, on the other, interference with the operation of the roads should be prohibited and severely punished.



Injunctions Affecting Labor Three injunctions have recently been issued affecting the legal rights of organized labor. One of these, rendered last week by Judge Tuttle in Chicago, restrains the local authorities from putting into their advertisements for bids for public improvements the stipulation that the work must be done by union workmen. This decision seems to us to accord with the principle of equal rights for all. We believe that, in letting contracts for public improvements, the public should stipulate that living wages shall be paid and only reasonable hours be demanded, and we think that the wages and hours of union workmen in the district concerned furnish a fair standard of what the public should grant. But the moral duty of the public to grant union hours and wages does not in the slightest degree indicate a moral duty on the part of the public to restrict work to the members of private associations. All men able to do the work equally well are equally entitled to it, and while it is true that in some trades in some localities nearly all the men able to earn the union scale are members of the union, the public is concerned only with their earning capacity, and not with their alle-

giance to some other body than itself. The decision of the court, therefore, will commend itself to the disinterested public. The two other injunctions, however, have already aroused bitter hostility. One of them was issued against the Printers' Union of this city, and, in the form in which it was first granted, restrained the members from *requesting* advertisers not to patronize the New York "Sun," which was at war with the union. For several weeks this injunction stood unmodified, but was finally changed by a higher court so as merely to forbid attempts to intimidate. The higher court recognized that workmen had the full right to patronize whatever merchants they pleased, and the right to withdraw their patronage from merchants who supported the opponents of their union. The third decision of which the unions complain is that issued in this city within the last fortnight enjoining the Cigarmakers' Union from paying "strike benefits" to several hundred non-union cigarmakers who are striking for better wages. We hesitate to comment upon this injunction until the grounds upon which it was issued are published in full. It would certainly seem that every union has a right to use its funds to help the members of its trade in securing better conditions, and that help given to non-union men is especially free from objection, unless the constitution of the union forbid such use of its funds. The fact that the employees who are now being helped are chiefly women and girls, combined with the fact that the Cigarmakers' Union has for several years paid out four-fifths of all its dues in insurance benefits to its members, causes public sympathy to be strongly on the side of the union and against the attitude of the court.



Commercial China Last week Sir Thomas Jackson, manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, was entertained at dinner in this city by the American Asiatic Association, and delivered an important speech. Sir Thomas does not believe in the break-up of China in the near future. He declared that a population equal to a fourth of the globe's population, a people comprising workmen who labor as well with the temperature below zero

as they do when it is a hundred in the shade, cannot be stamped out in a hurry. As an evidence that conditions are not so bad as those described by Lord Charles Beresford in his book entitled "The Break-up of China," Sir Thomas said that 1899 was the most prosperous year yet experienced in that country. China is on the eve of a great development, which will come about as a result of the supply of the country's principal need—transportation. The speaker declared that the Chinese Government had been liberal in granting railway concessions, but he added (what will be news to many) that the concessionaires have not been equal to the opportunities offered to them. "They have jumped over each other to get concessions, but have run behind in carrying them out." China is a country to which railways are particularly applicable, as a great portion of it is flat, and all of it is densely populated. While China is intersected by canals, the canals have been allowed to get into disrepair. Of wagon-roads there are none; those so called do not merit the name of roads. Therefore, adds Sir Thomas, the way is open for the iron road; and of all the countries on the face of the earth showing a good field for railway enterprise, China is the best. Sir Thomas also paid an appropriate tribute to Secretary Hay for the action recently taken to secure the "open door," saying that this position is the right one. "He wants nothing for America that he does not want for all nations trading with China." Coincidentally with this speech, and confirming it, comes a report from the United States Treasury Bureau of Statistics reciting the conditions of foreign trade in China during 1899. The report says that the political situation, although still unsettled, gave rise to no immediate fears, that exchange remained remarkably steady, that the rice crop was abundant, that the weather during the critical period for the silkworms was unusually favorable, and "except for a recrudescence of piracy on the West River, there were no disturbances to check trade." All previous commercial records in China were outdistanced, the value of the total trade exceeding four hundred and sixty million taels (the average value of the tael being a little over seventy cents). The value of both exports and

imports is now more than double the figures of a decade ago, and in view of the fact that railways are now opening up districts previously cut off from communication with ports, it seems safe to predict that in less than another ten years Chinese trade will have again doubled.



**The Indian Famine
and
Indian Taxation**

The direct cause of the Indian famine, as is well known, is the failure in a year, or in successive years, of the southern monsoon to blow from the Indian Ocean, giving moisture for the crops. Single-year famines are not uncommon; but what intensifies the present famine is the fact that one such short or single-year famine has been followed almost immediately by a second. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, replying in the House of Commons last week to questions on the Indian famine, said that the most serious aspect of the famine was not even these double droughts, but the ensuing cattle plague, by which in some districts oxen have perished by the million, and men and women have to do their work. Lord Hamilton says that, under these exceptional conditions, six years must elapse before the Central Provinces return to their normal condition. We notice with pleasure that an Indian Famine Relief Committee has been organized in this city, and has put the methods of raising large funds for relief in the hands of an executive committee of which Dr. L. T. Chamberlin is the chairman. Funds sent to Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall Street, will be promptly and effectively applied. Other methods of sending relief, as we have already stated, are through the Mission Boards of the various churches. Thus, contributions may be sent to Mr. Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer of the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. In connection with this subject we have read with great interest an article in the Manchester (England) "Guardian," sent to us by a correspondent, bearing on the question of Indian taxation. This article is written by Romesh Dutt, who was the President of the Fifteenth Indian Congress, and has held a post in the Indian Civil Service. This educated native, writing of the condition of the Central Provinces of India,

gives a historical sketch of taxation which seems to show that, with the best designs on the part of the British rulers, the taxes have nevertheless been so oppressive that the narrowest possible margin exists for the cultivator of land between subsistence and starvation. Indian taxation is a complicated subject, and we will not undertake here to discuss it in detail. Mr. Dutt's statement, however, is interesting and important as showing the native feeling on the subject. He asserts positively that when the settlement of the land question in the Central Provinces was made by Lord Canning, after the Mutiny, he, with characteristic clemency, tried his best to benefit the agricultural population, but, notwithstanding, the rents payable by cultivators to the landlords, and the taxes payable by landlords to the Government, were fixed unduly high, and that thus the impoverishment of the Provinces has gone on from early times to the present day. It follows, he says, that "the population of the Central Provinces is to-day more resourceless and indebted, more subject to famines after every bad harvest, than they were under the Maharratta rule." Mr. Dutt states that cases have occurred in which landlords have offered "to surrender their estates to a paternal government, and that paternal government has not accepted the surrender." His wish for the future does not seem unreasonable; it is that when a new land settlement is made, the maximum limit of rent shall be one-fifth the gross produce, while one-half the landlord's assets should be the limit of the government revenue demand, and settlements should be made for not less than thirty years.



Lord Salisbury's Speech Last week, at the annual meeting of the Primrose League, the Marquis of Salisbury, Grand Master of the League, made a remarkable address. He commented on the change which had taken place in the views of Englishmen regarding their empire. They formerly repelled it, he said, as a burden, "and that doctrine was carried to such extremes by Mr. Gladstone, though a man of splendid genius, as to produce a strong reaction, which started after the disaster of Majuba Hill

and the death of General Gordon." The death of Gordon, continued Lord Salisbury, had been avenged; perhaps it was too soon to say that the great humiliation of Majuba had been effaced, or that "the great wrong" had been righted, but he felt that they were on the road to accomplish that end. He converted the present war into a telling, if not a sound, argument against Home Rule:

In an evil moment for the fame of the country and for his party, Mr. Gladstone attached himself to the idea of the separation of England and Ireland. . . . There has been a long struggle, but no one can say that the Home Rule cause presents any elements of sanguine anticipation for the future. . . . Apart, however, from the fate of former struggles, I am still assured that there is no hope of the predominant partner ever consenting to give Ireland practical independence. We have learned something from the South African war, how a disloyal government, in spite of warnings, could accumulate armaments against the most powerful combatant and thus secure a terrible advantage.

Turning to England's position with regard to Europe, Lord Salisbury acknowledged the great prejudice against England on the Continent, yet said he was unable to explain the reason for such a root of bitterness.



England's Dangers As a means of defense Lord Salisbury acknowledged that the British navy ought to be sufficient, but insisted that it was unwise "to place all our eggs in one basket." As to land defense, "conscription is not a remedy which England is prepared to accept; therefore we must induce the people voluntarily to put themselves in a position to defend their homes and country." He urged the creation of rifle clubs, and declared that if every able-bodied Englishman were to feel it his personal duty to make himself competent to meet an invading enemy, "we would have a defensive force which would make the chances of an assailant so bad that no assailant would appear." Some months ago the Earl of Rosebery, the Liberal leader, used similar language, but this language was declared unmerited by a large majority of Conservative critics. They may change their opinion now that their own leader has given such a warning concerning Continental enmity. As to the strictures on Ireland, however, it

must be admitted that the rather acrid tone of Lord Salisbury's remarks detracts somewhat from the good effect of the Queen's recent visit to Dublin. Nor will Irishmen who have been bravely battling in South Africa feel complimented. It appears to us that Lord Salisbury's generally acknowledged pessimism has inspired him to make a speech undiplomatic whether its home or its foreign effect be considered.



The Boer War Last week the British completed another quarter of their march to Pretoria, and are now half-way from the capital of the Orange Free State to the capital of the South African Republic. They have reached and taken Kroonstad, the temporary capital of the Free State since the departure of the Boers from Bloemfontein. The State capital has now been moved to Heilbron, forty-five miles northeast of Kroonstad. On the way from Smaldeel there was some fighting, but the Boers made no opposition to the capture of Kroonstad. They retired northwards in good order, taking all their guns and a large convoy of railway stock, besides destroying great quantities of stores which they were unable to remove. Believing that it was unsafe to leave Boer homesteads in his rear without having them thoroughly searched for hidden arms and ammunition, Lord Roberts instituted such a search last week. Every farm visited was found tenanted only by women and children, all the men apparently being on the Boer fighting lines. The British Commander-in-Chief reports dissensions between the Boer allies, the Free Staters accusing the Transvaalers of using them for their own purposes and then deserting them. This is accentuated by the crossing of the Vaal River by thousands of Transvaalers returning to their own country. The quarrel between the allies has gone so far, say some British correspondents, that a disruption of the federal forces is imminent. In any event, the success of a march already comparable to Lord Roberts's other great march from Kabul to Kandahar has undoubtedly impressed the Boer allies as never before with the power not only of British numbers but of British resources. From Natal comes the news that General Buller has turned

the Boer positions in the Biggarsberg range. Some of the spurs of this range are over four thousand feet high. The Boer positions there have served a double purpose: to prevent a passage of the Buffalo River and a consequent invasion of the eastern Transvaal, and to block the British advance toward Majuba and an invasion from the point of British disaster two decades ago.



The Boer Delegates

The arrival at New York of the Boer delegates, which is expected hourly as we go to press, gives greater prominence than ever to their contention. They declare that the Boers never wished for war; that President Kruger's ultimatum was issued under the belief that Boer destruction had been determined upon, and that nothing could prevent an attack for the purpose of destroying Boer independence and seizing Boer territory; refer to speeches since that time of Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, who declared that the British want no territory, and of Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, who told Parliament that he intended, in his September despatch, to accept nine-tenths of Mr. Kruger's conditions; and declare that if these speeches had been made in September instead of October and November, an ultimatum would never have been formulated. The delegates are visiting Europe and America to see if the war can be stopped; and they assert that the Transvaal Republic would gladly consent to submit all questions of guarantees and indemnity to the decision of any impartial tribunal. Mr. Fischer, a leading member of the delegation, says that the Governments of the Old World appear paralyzed, but that he and his associates hope to find a different state of affairs in the New World. He recalls the fact that, at the very time when the Jameson Raid threatened the Transvaal's independence, the American Republic succeeded in inducing Great Britain to submit to arbitration a question which involved, not the existence of Venezuela, but only her frontier interests. "As you obtained arbitration for Venezuela after England had declared it was impossible, so we venture to hope that the free, enlightened public opinion of the American Republic

will succeed in inducing the Power attacking our very existence to stay her hand, and to submit the question of the future government of these regions to the free judgment of an impartial tribunal."



America's Duty Doubtless conditions have been changed by the war; they always are changed by war. The Civil War emancipated the slaves, though originally the North only insisted that slavery should not be extended into the Territories. The Spanish War involved the loss by Spain of Porto Rico and the Philippines, though the American ultimatum at the beginning was only the emancipation of Cuba. The present ultimatum of Great Britain has had a semi-official interpretation in a speech from Mr. Chamberlain delivered last week at Birmingham, the first which his constituents have heard from him since the outbreak of the war, in which he said:

While the Government does not wish to be vindictive, it is determined that never again shall the republics be a nursery of conspiracy, and it will see that justice is done to those who are determined to be loyal. The Government is not prepared to recognize the independence of the Boer republics, and we are determined that the republics shall be finally incorporated under the British flag. For an interval they must be a Crown colony, such as India is; but we hope they will eventually become a great self-governing colony like Canada and Australia.

It appears to us that some terms less humiliating to the Boers might be devised by England than this; but it is very clear that the question is not one with which America can interfere. In the case of Venezuela there was some apparent ground for our action in our Monroe Doctrine that interference with South American Republics by foreign powers we should regard as an unfriendly act to ourselves. There is no ground for our undertaking to determine the rights of contending parties in South Africa, unless, indeed, we are prepared to appoint ourselves umpire for the whole world, and maintain our judicial authority against all mankind.



**Kruger, Kipling, and
Cronwright-Schreiner**

In the South African Republic the principal event of last week was the opening of the Volksraad or Par-

liament at Pretoria. The vacant seats of General Joubert and of the members who have been killed in the war were filled with flowers, and President Kruger, in his opening speech, alluded feelingly to the vacancies. Concerning General Joubert he said: "Future generations will be able to judge the work of the dead man, whose demeanor inspired the enemy with respect, and whose humane and brave conduct gave fame and importance to this State among civilized nations." Mr. Kruger also paid an appropriate tribute to the friendship of the Orange Free State Boers. "They have amply fulfilled their treaty obligations to the Transvaal: they also realized that a united front was required, as an attack upon the independence of the Transvaal meant a threat upon the Free State." Referring to the peace proposals of the Presidents of both Republics, Mr. Kruger said: "We have proved by legislation and by our dealings with Great Britain last year that it was our desire to preserve peace, and now that war has broken out we will do everything to restore peace." A stern policy is the one favored by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has now returned from England to South Africa. He says:

If through any intellectual lasciviousness we in England prefer to tickle emotion by being generous once again at other people's expense when the settlement comes, all this weary, bloody work will have to be done anew from the beginning, five or ten years back. I assume that you have full knowledge of the situation in South Africa, but I do not think you can realize how passionately and eagerly the loyalists look to England for a sign that the mother country will neither desert them nor betray them to the Dutch.

We note the regaining of the right to free speech on this question in England. During the past few months Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, the husband of Olive Schreiner, the novelist, has frequently sought to present the Boer side of the South African dispute to British audiences. Each time he has been mobbed. His first peaceful hearing was obtained on Sunday night of last week at Battersea Town Hall. The speaker ascribes his final success to the gradual growth of admiration for the heroic struggle of the Boers, and of sympathy with their fight for independence and liberty. We hope that it has a deeper reason. In America a hearing is rarely denied by a mob to an unpopular cause.

In this respect England is distinctly behind us.



**Rabbi Hertz and
Bishop Hartzell on the
Transvaal Question**

Two interesting opinions affirming the justice of the British side in the Boer controversy have just been made public. A few years ago, Rabbi Hertz, an American Hebrew, went to Johannesburg and engaged actively in religious work there. When he left this country, he was strongly pro-Boer, but he was not long in discovering that the South African Republic was such in name only; in reality it was an oligarchy. Roman Catholics and Jews were excluded from political and military offices, and were not allowed to send their children to the State free schools. A section of the Transvaal Constitution declares that all persons not Christians can be arrested without warrant. At first this was meant to apply to the black natives only, but President Kruger made it apply to the Jews as well. Dr. Hertz petitioned the Government to amend this article, but, though Mr. Kruger made many promises, there was always some excuse for delay. Rabbi Hertz declares that, if President Kruger should succeed in the present war, his ally, the Orange Free State, would be dragged down to the level of the Transvaal. Bishop Hartzell, however, who four years ago was appointed Methodist Missionary Bishop to Africa, insists that President Kruger does not represent the whole Transvaal, but only an extreme faction, and that the Boers have been led by him to take a wrong position. Bishop Hartzell's testimony is valuable, since he has had unusual opportunities for studying both the Boers and the British in South Africa. In harmony with the opinion of another missionary, the Rev. Charles Phillips, recently quoted in *The Outlook*, Dr. Hartzell declares that the great moral wrong of the Boers is not so much in their ill-treatment of the Outlanders as in their opposition to all missionary effort among the blacks. Hence, he sides with the British, who represent the missionary spirit and give the natives a fair chance for their rights. He believes that the Cape-to-Cairo railway will have a great influence in opening up the Dark Continent, not only to industry

and commerce, but also to Christianity and civilization. With this in view he has located his principal mission station at Umtali in Rhodesia, two hundred and fifty miles west of Beira on the coast, and at the junction of the Beira-Umtali railway on the Cape-to-Cairo line. He declares that the great question from a missionary point of view throughout Africa is not what will become of the British, the Boers, or any other white inhabitants, but what is to be the future of the native Africans.



The Methodist Conference At the Methodist General Conference the larger part of the work done during the first week has been in committee. The standing committees are very large, in fact are sectional meetings of the Conference. Not much of their proceedings gets into print, but their debates are quite as strenuous and animated as any that are reported. In the Conference itself a partial discussion of the report of the Commission on the Organic Law of the Church brought out the fact that laymen, now having their desired representation in the General Conference, do not demand representation in the Annual Conferences, but are at present disposed to let these preserve their character of ministerial associations. Apart from the matter of ministerial appointments, which is in the hands of the Bishops, the working power of the ecclesiastical machinery resides in the Quarterly Conferences and in the General Conference, in both of which laymen have all the rights that they now care for. Another point of interest that came out in discussion was the greatly disproportionate representation now allowed to the smallest Conferences, somewhat suggestive of what certain "mining camps" have in Congress and the Electoral College. A long and spirited debate on the question whether officials should receive compensation for dedicating churches and similar services issued in the adoption of resolutions designed to check a growing custom felt to be open to criticism. The resolutions, after declaring that "the Book Concern should provide liberally for the support of our Bishops and General Conference officers," say that none of these "shall receive anything above actual expenses for his services in the dedication and reopen-

ing of churches, attending commencements of our educational institutions, and such other like services as he may render the Church." As to reunion with the Methodist Church South, separated by the controversy on slavery in 1844, no larger hope yet appears. The address of the Fraternal Delegate from that Church, Dr. Hoss, of Nashville, admirable in every respect, was full of comity, fellowship, and brotherliness, but suggestive of nothing more. As in other Churches, the consolidation of some of the societies for denominational work has been mooted, but seems unlikely to be soon accomplished. There may be a reduction, however, in the number of general secretaries of these societies; and the discontinuance or consolidation of some denominational journals that do not pay their way is also indicated. The admirable Episcopal Address, of which we spoke last week, is to be read, by request of the Conference, in all Methodist churches, either entire or in part, at the discretion of pastors. Contrary to the prevailing impression, it is now doubtful if any of the present Bishops will be retired, but four additional Bishops are to be chosen, two of them for missionary service. A noble and affectionate commemoration of Mr. Moody's worth and work was made in resolutions which the Conference unanimously adopted by a rising vote. The progress of discussion on the Organic Law of the Church developed the expected debate on the eligibility of women to the General Conference. The remarkable statement was made by Dr. Buckley that he was opposed to this both on Scriptural and on expedient grounds; nevertheless, it was coming; he was "willing to see women seated when it was done without trouble," for he believed that "Methodism plus women in the General Conference would be better than any other system" that he knew of.



**The Episcopal Ministry Not
Over-Supplied**

During the past year the question, "Is there an over-supply of clergymen?" has been prominently before the public. In certain religious bodies it would seem that there was such an over-supply; in others, indications point the other way. Among those in the latter category stands the Episcopal

Church, as we learn from the report of a committee appointed a year ago at the meeting of the Conference of Seminary Faculties. At this year's meeting of this Conference (which has just taken place at the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass.) the report presented was based upon statistics furnished by the bishops of fifty-four dioceses and jurisdictions, and representing three-quarters of the total of forty-eight hundred clergy. More complete returns would hardly alter the results of these statistics. According to them there will be, after the ordination of the new men this year, one hundred and seventy-five vacant places, in addition to a hundred and twenty other stations where there is good opportunity of planting the church. One would like to know more about these opportunities; whether they are afforded by places in which there are already Christian churches but no Episcopal church. As it may be objected that, if we take into account the large number of clergy not engaged in parochial work, the supply would probably be equal to the demand, the report declares that not more than a hundred men of this kind can be counted on. Hence, a net total of seventy-five vacancies would remain, together with the hundred and twenty other places. No account was taken of the foreign missionary jurisdictions, for which fifteen men are reported as urgently needed without delay. So far from being over-supplied, the Episcopal Church is straitened in the supply of suitable men, and of such means as are required for opening up the new work. We are glad to note that the report emphasizes the unmistakable call for steady progress in the quality of the men sent out. As the report says, the ministry is no place for weak, inefficient, or unspiritual men. The report was unanimously adopted, and among the resolutions based on it was the following:

The extension and growth of the Church, both at home and abroad, is seriously hindered by a paucity of suitable candidates for the sacred ministry. . . . The true office of the seminaries of the Church as means for the spiritual and practical as well as for the intellectual training for the candidates for Orders should be constantly impressed upon the minds of intending candidates by the bishops and clergy more immediately responsible for their guidance. Experience shows that defective apprehension in reference to this matter is a

great hindrance to the best usefulness of those institutions.

**The English
Pleasant Sunday Afternoon
Movement**

The "P. S. A.," or Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement, was started twelve years ago by such men as Canon Scott-Holland and the Revs. Bruce-Wallace, Fleming Williams, and Bernard Snell. It was started to induce the churches to take up the study of social problems. These men had already introduced social topics into their Sunday afternoon sermons, but the enthusiasm for municipal reform resulting from the passing of the London County Council Act gave an impetus to the movement. A writer in the New York "Evening Post" describes the services as they are now conducted. They are similar to the ordinary religious church service, except that, in place of the sermon, there is an address on some subject of a social or political nature, and after the address the congregation is invited to discuss the subject and to ask questions of the speaker, a privilege which is used extensively. Nor is the position of principal speaker monopolized by the clergyman; more frequently the address is delivered by men not having ecclesiastical distinction; indeed, the aim is to secure recognized municipal authorities as speakers. It even happens that men who are known to be agnostics address a church congregation from the pulpit. As may be fancied, the membership of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon is not confined to regular church-goers; in fact, in many churches the majority of Pleasant Sunday Afternoon members belong to a non-church-going class. The subjects for discussion, says the "Evening Post's" correspondent, were at first limited to questions of immediate local interest, but now any and every sociological problem can be and is discussed at the gatherings. At first the ultra-radical element supposed the meetings to be but a device of the clergy to help sustain ecclesiastical influence, but this suspicion has long since passed away. For those who care to stay after the meetings, there is a social tea, and as the speaker of the afternoon is the guest of honor, a discussion often results which rivals in interest that which has already

occurred. The importance of the movement may be appreciated from the fact that candidates for public office invariably endeavor to get the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon to indorse their candidatures before consenting to allow their names to be placed in nomination. A stronger and sounder morality is beginning to inspire English municipal politics, and this is largely due to the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon movement.

Agricultural Credit Unions Germany, which more than any other Continental nation illustrates the ability of intelligent mind to solve industrial problems and create new industrial enterprises, was the first to inaugurate a comprehensive system of agrarian reform. About the middle of this century Schultze Delitsch founded the credit unions which were the origin of a vast national organization composed of small local credit associations. In France the Government has assisted the movement by a loan of 40,000,000 francs at merely nominal interest. In Ireland Horace Plunkett has succeeded in establishing a system of agricultural co-operation for the purpose of buying, selling, and borrowing, which is said to have done more than all the Land Purchase Acts to revive Irish agriculture. Now, Maggiorini Ferraris, director of the "Nuova Antologia," member of the Italian Parliament, and formerly Postmaster-General, proposes to regenerate Italian agriculture by similar methods. His programme provides for 1,800 suburban agrarian associations, 1,800 agrarian banks, and about 3,000 other agencies located throughout Italy, even in the most remote villages. These agencies are to supply members with everything necessary for modern methods of cultivation. For buying, the suburban unions are to be grouped in about sixteen district unions, they in turn being associated in a national union. Credit—in kind only—will be given to cultivators by the various local agencies, for an amount in no case greater than twenty-five times the taxes levied upon the land. Reimbursement is required within three months after each harvest. For the credit system the surplus of deposits in the postal savings banks, estimated at \$50,000,000 a year,

is to furnish capital. It is believed that this national organization of agriculture under State laws, although in great measure avoiding State control, will do much to make easier to bear the burden of taxation under which Italy now staggers.



The Total Eclipse The last Monday in May will be a day of absorbing interest to astronomers, and the interest will center in a period of about two minutes only in each place of observation. For that length of time the sun will be completely hidden from the earth by the moon's shadow throughout a strip about seventy-five miles in width stretching from Mexico to the northeast through Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, and ending with the Atlantic coast at Cape Henry. There are thus many excellent stations for viewing the eclipse, and a few large cities (New Orleans, Mobile, Raleigh) will be favored with a full view of the rare phenomenon. The astronomers have equipped two stations for observation, one at Pinehurst, N. C., the other in Barnesville, Ga. Both places are selected as being in the exact path of totality and as being in regions usually free from clouds. An immense amount of astronomical apparatus has been conveyed to these spots and accurately adjusted. If the day is clear, it is hoped that the myriads of photographs of all kinds to be taken will result in new knowledge of the nature of the sun's corona, now believed to be a gaseous vapor or atmosphere of peculiar constituency and appearance. It is supposed that the corona extends about a million miles from the surface of the sun. Another phenomenon to be closely watched is found in the red jets of flame which shoot out in wonderfully dazzling forms to a height of 160,000 miles, and in the *sierra*, a border of dark red on the eastern side of the sun's disk. Non-scientific readers will join in earnest hopes that the technical observers may escape such a disappointment as met the Amherst expedition which went to Japan to observe the total eclipse of 1896. In the vicinity of New York the eclipse will be partial, about seven-eighths of the sun's disk being obscured, beginning in the morning at 7:53 and ending at 10:28.

The Montgomery Conference

We give on another page a full report of the interesting Southern Convention held last week at Montgomery, Ala., on the race question in the South. The mere fact that such a Conference was held should be regarded by all who have at heart the interests of the African race and of the country as an encouraging sign. It was perhaps natural for a time that Southern men whose position and abilities give them a right to shape public opinion should have been silent on this subject. That they have been silent, in some cases criminally silent, we think is not to be doubted. A single incident may serve to illustrate the fact. The Outlook not long since wrote to most of the Southern Governors asking them what remedy Southern men had to suggest for the frequent crime of lynching. Only one responded. This silence might, it is true, have been due to an unwillingness to speak through a journal published in the North. But many of these Governors have never spoken on the subject in either official message, public address, or their own Southern press. And whether this silence on the part of men from whom their own communities had a right to expect leadership signifies indifference, political timidity, or despair of finding any remedy, it is, or was, a discouraging sign. It is, therefore, an encouraging sign when Southern leaders for the first time come together to give to this complex problem their best thought.

We repeat, this silence hitherto, though it has not been justified, has not been strange. The North had, by immediate emancipation and by conferring universal suffrage on the emancipated slaves, attempted the solution of the problem; no wonder that Southern men who did not believe in this solution stood one side to see the result. Co-operation between North and South was impossible until some better understanding between the sections was reached. The negro naturally looked with special favor on the Republican party, because it had emancipated and enfranchised him; and the Southern gentleman, whatever his good will, often found every attempt to help his colored neighbor thwarted by political

and race prejudice against himself. Other problems confronted the Southern leaders: industry was to be reorganized, schools opened and a school system established, new political relations formed with Northern citizens, the whole industrial, social, commercial, and political reconstruction of the community achieved; and the special race problem took a second place, partly because it was so complex and so difficult. In many local communities emancipated negroes, freed from the old restraints of slavery and not yet adjusted to the new conditions of freedom, became offensive and even dangerous elements in the community; and how to guard property, person, and purity against the dangers which their criminal proclivities involved absorbed all the thought of the Southerner, and sometimes paralyzed his thinking by panic or passion.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the race problem is primarily Southern, as the immigration problem is primarily Northern. That the North would resent an endeavor by Southern voters to determine how the foreigners should be treated, or how strikes should be dealt with in Northern cities, is certain; that the South should have resented the endeavor of the North to determine by Federal legislation how the race problem should be solved in the South is natural. And it is not less natural, now that the North has shown its recognition of the difficulty of the problem, and an inclination to seek for some method of co-operation with the South in solving it, that Southern gentlemen should come together to give it their best consideration. The Montgomery Convention marks a very decided advance toward the solution of a problem which is perhaps as complicated and difficult as any free people have ever had to meet.

That problem, however, appears to us in its statement as simple as in its solution it is difficult. In slavery the black laborer was the chattel of the white employer. Emancipation destroyed that system; a new one has to be developed, in which the laborer and the employer shall have equal protection for their liberties and their rights. This problem cannot be solved by expatriating the blacks; that is to evade the problem, not to solve it. It would be manifestly unjust to expatriate a great body of people from their

native home for no cause except that they possess negro blood; it would be economically disastrous to expel the black laborers from a region in which white men cannot do field labor without peril to health and even life; it would be physically impossible to provide for any such exodus even if it were desirable. The proposition to segregate the negroes in a few black States is hardly more just, more advantageous, or more practical. The proposed repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution would serve no good purpose even if it could be accomplished; and it cannot be accomplished. For such a repeal the co-operation of the Northern States would be necessary; and the co-operation of the Northern States cannot be secured. This is not because the North is committed to universal suffrage; but because it is committed to equal suffrage. To refuse the ballot to such a statesman as Booker T. Washington because he has some negro blood in his veins, and to give it to a shiftless and ignorant idler because he has none, has for its support absolutely no argument except popular prejudice; and concession to popular prejudice never yet solved a great political problem. We are not inclined to think that Mr. Bourke Cockran's speech is to be taken seriously. The South must remember that a Presidential election is close at hand, and any issue is a good one which will get votes.

The direction in which we are to look for a solution of the race problem is quite different. We must assume that the white race and the colored race are to live together in a free Republic, and on a basis which will secure equal protection to the person and property of all, regardless of either color or previous condition of servitude; that the harmony between the races must be secured in the States in which they live—it cannot be forced upon them by legislation framed by the people of the States where the two races do not live in industrial and political relationships; that the conditions of the suffrage may be limited, but that the limitation should be dependent, not on color, but on character, and should not be so framed as to admit an ignorant white man to the ballot-box and to exclude an intelligent colored man, or to admit a shiftless and idle white man and exclude an industrious, sober, and thrifty

colored man; that methods of education may be changed; that they may be made more elementary, more ethical, more industrial, and less literary, but that it must be recognized as axiomatic that an intelligent population, white or black, is always safer in any community than an ignorant population; that the remedy for private and personal crimes is not public and common crime, but such changes in criminal law and its administration as will secure the prompt and speedy trial of every accused, and will, if necessary, postpone any other case to the immediate consideration of cases of violence against the person, that the penalty may follow surely and speedily on the offense. The Montgomery Convention is one step toward such results.



The Case of Professor Gilbert

Much public attention has been called of late to the Chicago Theological Seminary because of the so-called heresy charges brought against the Professor in the New Testament Department. The antagonists of Professor Gilbert have zealously tried the case in the papers, while the accused has been content to speak in his own defense only to the Board of Directors. There is, therefore, evidence in many quarters of gross misunderstanding of the question at issue.

This case is also invested with peculiar significance because of the Constitution of the Seminary; since, in the last analysis, all the Directors owe their positions to the churches and are responsible to them for their action. A Convention of the churches meets in Chicago triennially for the purpose of electing one-half of the Board of Directors, and through this election the churches express their judgment upon the past actions of the Board, or provide against such contingencies as may appear. The Constitution also provides that, through a Board of Examiners biennially chosen by the Associations of the Central Western States, the Seminary shall more fully be kept in vital relation with the churches.

This Board of Examiners met May 4, and, believing, as shown in their report, "that the much-discussed relation of Pro-

fessor Gilbert to the Seminary came within the province of the Board of Examiners, the Board thought best to call before them several representatives of the student body, and examine them as to the direction and influence of Dr. Gilbert's teachings." After a most thorough and searching examination, the Board reported to the Directors that they have not discovered that any harm whatever has been done, while, on the other hand, the students uniformly express the greatest admiration both for Dr. Gilbert's spirit and method; that the several classes, in their final work, demonstrate that the training has been thorough and of high order; and the work done in *all* the departments, as it has been shown in the examinations and in extended private conversation with the students, is heartily commended. The Board therefore earnestly urge upon the Board of Directors to continue Professor Gilbert in the New Testament chair for the present at least.

The Directors, after careful consideration, decided upon the following resolution:

Resolved, That leave of absence for one year be granted Professor George H. Gilbert, in order that he may prepare and publish the volume completing his system of New Testament teaching; provided that the volume in question be prepared for publication, and the advance sheets be placed in the hands of the Directors not later than April 1, 1901; and that if the accord hoped for fails to develop to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors at its annual meeting, previous to which the book shall not be published, then at that date Professor George H. Gilbert shall withdraw from the faculty of the institution.

Then the interesting question arose whether this action of the Board of Directors would be sustained by that higher court, the Triennial Convention, on the following Wednesday. Some of the papers in the West, religious and secular, have attempted to speak the sentiments of the churches—"that Professor Gilbert's teachings were distasteful to the churches, and subversive of the doctrine of our faith and order." The Triennial Convention could show its approval or disapproval of these utterances only by its choice of Directors. Fourteen vacancies upon the Board were to be filled—a number large enough to determine the policy of the institution for the coming three years. In other years the nominations have been made by a committee of three. This year, at

the suggestion of President Blanchard, of Wheaton, in order that the churches might the more surely express themselves, the Committee was enlarged to eleven, and, in addition, two names were nominated for each vacancy. The result is worthy of careful study, for it is very significant. The Directors who were nominated for their old places and were not re-elected were ultra-conservative men and in favor of summary dismissal. The Directors who were elected were either former members of the Board who had been noted for their breadth of thought, and therefore worthy of re-election at this critical time, or new men equally capable of judging as to the merits of this exegetical problem. For, however it may be made to appear, this is purely a problem in exegesis.

Dr. Gilbert has thus briefly defined his position:

(1) I have never denied the pre-existence of Christ. I have only said that this doctrine is nowhere clearly found in the words of Jesus. This is an exegetical position which I think is impregnable. It is only from the side of exegesis, namely, the exegesis of the words of Jesus, that I have had any occasion to refer to this doctrine. What basis for it can be found elsewhere I have not attempted to say, nor have I gone outside my province and passed judgment on the doctrine as such.

(2) I have never denied the metaphysical relationship between Jesus and God. I have only said that such relationship is nowhere claimed by Jesus. This, also, is an exegetical position which I think cannot be overthrown. The union which Jesus claims with the Father is, I think, demonstrably, a union of character, an ethical union. But I have never denied, orally or in print, that there may have been a relationship other than ethical.

The difference between exegesis and theology is familiar to every minister, although it has been curiously confirmed by some of Dr. Gilbert's critics. A theologian who believed in eternal punishment and even in physical torment might nevertheless tell his students that "hell fire" in the New Testament means the fire of Gehenna—that is, a fire kept continuously burning in the valley of Gehenna outside Jerusalem, for the destruction of the offal of the city. With Dr. Meyer in Germany and Dean Alford in England a new exegesis was born; and now no Biblical scholar asks what will be the effect of any particular interpretation on his or any system of theology; he only asks what the words mean. Professor Gilbert is not a

professor of theology; he is an interpreter of the writings contained in the New Testament.

Professor Gilbert has replied to the offer of the Board, saying: "I accept your proposition in the spirit in which I believe it was made, and shall give myself at once and gladly to the special labor which it contemplates." But that he intends to do this in no spirit of resistance to his critics on the one hand, and in no spirit of subserviency to any other authority than that of truth on the other, is clear from his statement, which recalls that of Luther in somewhat similar circumstances: "If my book on the 'Teaching of Jesus' is wrong in one chapter, I will strike that chapter out. If it is wrong in all chapters, I am ready to strike them all out. But each chapter and each statement in each chapter is the result of a slow, careful, reverent study of the text; and I cannot change so much as one sentence until it is shown to be wrong. If I could, that would be ample proof that I am not qualified for the position to which you called me."

It is certain that in no university would a professor in philosophy be removed because his philosophic teaching did not accord in all respects with that of the Board of Trustees. The Christian public will wait with interest to see whether in a theological seminary a university standard of scholarship prevails, or whether traditionalism forbids free investigation and free instruction.



Japan and Korea

It is impossible to judge of the modern movement of expansion without taking into account historical and economic conditions. To explain the movement as one of pure selfishness and greed is to miss its primary impulse; there is a force behind it which is not to be reckoned with by those who see only new outbreaks of selfishness in the extension of activities and interests of the leading races. The races which are foremost in this movement are, with the single exception of Russia, impelled to seek new avenues and fresh fields, because they cannot make room at home for the full development of their own working power. England has

no choice but to found new States at the ends of the earth; she cannot otherwise house and feed her people. It is not greed, but the genius of the English races and the necessities of England, which have made the English foremost in the development of new continents and the building of new States. It is as idle to characterize this extension as primarily the expression of human greed as to say that the settlement of the Western States on this continent was simply the expression of the meaner side of human nature. Those States were settled by men who wished to better their condition and who sought for larger opportunities, but they were men who carried civilization with them, and who put forth their work, for the most part, in harmony with the higher ends of life. This is precisely what the English race is doing everywhere, with those exceptions which are to be noted in every human movement. For the same reason, Germans are pouring into South America; and Germany, as was noted in these columns last week, is trying to make a new place for the development of the German spirit and force in Syria.

In like manner, and for a similar reason, as Mr. Murdoch makes very clear in a current issue of the "North American Review," the Japanese are turning their eyes toward Korea; not simply for purposes of aggrandizement or out of lust for new territory, but because Japan is too small to make room for the liberated energy of an ambitious and able people. For many years a resident of Japan and a teacher in the University of Tokio, Mr. Murdoch has made a study of the present conditions of Japanese life; he knows what lies in the minds of this generation, and he understands contemporary movements. The Japanese are specially sensitive to tropical climates, and Formosa is for that reason unavailable; the Hawaiian Islands are also out of the question; Korea offers the only outlet. The population of Japan is about forty-four millions—an increase of thirty-three per cent. in less than thirty years. To sustain this population there is comparatively a small area of Japan under cultivation; and this area can be extended only with very great difficulty and to an extent which would not appreciably change the situation. Of late years Japan has been

several times obliged to import food products; her population is growing rapidly, her land is practically all occupied, she has nearly reached the maximum of her productive power, and the disparity between her population and her productive power will steadily increase. Mr. Murdoch shows that the Japanese cannot well become manufacturers on a large scale: first for lack of capital, and next because her natural foreign market in Manchuria and northern China will be closed to her through Russian influence. It is to Korea, therefore, that the Japanese must look for a working place and for a market.

Korea could probably support double the population which now lives upon her soil; there are large tracts of country upon which food-products of all kinds could be grown; in the face of every kind of disadvantage, economic and political, she exports more rice than Japan. To secure a right of way in Korea seems to be, therefore, a necessity forced upon Japanese statesmen, and Japanese policy in that direction is clearly defined. Unfortunately, Russia is apparently determined to secure and hold political supremacy in the peninsula, chiefly for strategic reasons: if Korea were in the hands of the Japanese, overland communication between Port Arthur and Vladivostok could not always be maintained. By an agreement made two years ago last month it has been formally settled that, in recognition of the large development of Japanese commercial enterprises in Korea and the presence of large numbers of Japanese subjects, that the Russian Government will not impede the development of industrial relations between Japan and Korea. Under the terms of this protocol, Japanese energy has been making the best of the time and the opportunity; but there are many signs that Russia does not mean to let Japanese influence become paramount. Sooner or later, unless all signs fail, there will be a struggle for the possession of Korea. The Japanese recognize this, and they recognize also the fact that the odds will be increasingly against them as time goes on. If there must be a trial of strength between the two countries, the sooner it comes the better for the Japanese. Japan has an army of nearly four hundred thousand available men; Russia has only a

little more than a hundred thousand men in arms in Siberia and Manchuria. At sea the Japanese strength is proportionately great. Meanwhile, Russia is straining every nerve to establish quicker and fuller communication with the Far East; and her policy will be to postpone a conflict with Japan until all the conditions are favorable; while the policy of Japan, if a conflict is inevitable, will be to bring it about as soon as possible. This is the serious problem with which the Japanese statesmen have now to deal. They are probably anxious to avoid war with a Great Power, but they are also anxious to live and grow.

The Spectator

A remark on comparative journalism, made some years ago by a visiting Englishman, that he found the newspapers of New York "far more provincial" than the newspapers of Chicago, greatly impressed the Spectator at the time. He was not then quite sure that the comparison was unqualifiedly true, nor is he quite sure now. But so far as his reading of the newspapers of the two cities goes, it tends to confirm the comment—one which the Englishman explained by saying that the Chicago newspapers "have a good deal more of America in them." Looked at from one point of view this would seem natural *a priori*. Chicago newspapers, in addition to local and sectional news *in extenso*, would be apt to publish fuller news of New York and the East than the news of Chicago and the West published in return by New York papers. This is simply an application of the principle that it is the newer place which takes the livelier interest in the older place. New York newspapers, to cite a familiar example, publish the news of London and England with a fullness that is simply overwhelming when compared with the news of New York and America published in the London papers. But, from another point of view, if New York is "the metropolis of America" by standards other than those of size and business rank, its people ought to be more generally interested than the people of any other city in the news of America, and the newspapers ought to have "a good deal more of America in

them" than the newspapers of any other city. But do the people of New York feel this American interest?



The Spectator talked this over with a provincial friend, a resident of one of the smaller New England cities. "I think the Englishman is right," said the friend. "As a provincial I am constantly struck in New York by what seems to me the provincialism of New Yorkers—their calm assumption of New York's as the only standard, and their ignorance (which never mortifies them, but is treated as a matter of course) respecting American, as distinguished from New York, reputations. This applies especially to literary reputations. Do New Yorkers, I sometimes ask myself, ever read anything except newspapers and stories? Let me give an example. I was invited last January to make one of a luncheon party of eight at the University Club on a ladies' day. There, if anywhere in New York, one would say, certainly if there is anything in a name, one would not encounter provincialism. You shall judge. I passed on a fresh and good story, told by a distinguished man of letters recently a guest at my house. The story awakened a response, but not the man, for I had halted a little, expecting a natural question or two about him. Finally some one, out of politeness, asked, 'And who is Mr. Blank?' No one showed the slightest acquaintance with his name. I merely answered, 'He is probably the next President of Blank University,' and let the matter drop. Every man in that party was an A.B., and the women had, supposedly, the average culture of good social standing. I do not believe that incident could be duplicated in the same sort of a group in any other large city of America."



The Spectator did not feel that personally he held a brief for New York. He was more interested in getting a "straight" outside view than in "argufying," of which, he confesses, he is usually overfond. There was a pause, such as a clergyman has been known to make when he asks, "Can no one answer this?" and, no one rising from his pew to take up the challenge, proceeds in evident self-satisfaction.

So the Spectator's friend continued: "While visiting foreigners have often expressed surprise at the distinction attaching in America to eminence in letters, shown, for example, by the National custom of conferring diplomatic position on literary men, a distinction equally recognized, perhaps, in France alone of other countries, modern New York must be counted out of its observance. Is there any other city where the resident literary notability so seldom receives even casual mention in the press? where he is so infrequently called upon to speak at a public meeting? or where, if he does attend a great function, his name is so sure to be left out of the list the hostess furnishes the reporter? Could any young American journalist, even if gifted with Justin McCarthy's genius for geniality, hope to parallel in New York Mr. McCarthy's London career, and be able at its nearing close to write a book of reminiscences about so varied a collection of people, all well worth any one's acquaintance? Of course," said the Spectator's provincial friend, interrupting himself to prove his spirit of fairness to New York, "I recognize the fact that London is the political, and perhaps the literary, capital of Great Britain, as well as its commercial capital. But it is that advantage, or difference, as I see it, which goes far to save London from New York's provincialism. Somebody recently (I think it was John Fiske), in emphasizing the permanent mark its first Dutch settlers impressed upon New York, calls the modern town a 'a great cosmopolitan trading post.' That phrase, to my mind, exactly describes the New York of to-day. Its material opportunities draw to it from everywhere all sorts and kinds of brains, but these sorts and kinds, once classified, barely touch a differing group. It is more than the social menace of specialism. It is the realization of the return to provincialism which must follow the perfection of specialism."



The Spectator's only comment was that his friend's philosophy of New York's provincialism was somewhat deep for him. The fact the Spectator was ready to acknowledge: that, owing to the pressure of New York life, New Yorkers were, as a rule, absorbed in that particular kind

of living to which, in a given case, their own energies were devoted. They thus come to care too little for New York life as a whole, not to speak of the general life of the country or of the world. Indeed, so vast and varied is New York life that it is hard to look at as a whole or in the large. One has almost to take it in sections or phases. This may or may not be provincialism, but, whatever it is, it reminded the Spectator of an interesting talk he once had with Mr. Howells. It was *apropos* of a comment Mr. Howells had made somewhere, probably in "Literature," to the effect that recent Chicago novels and stories were far more satisfactory as pictures of Chicago life in the large than were recent New York novels and stories in thus picturing New York life, the latter, in fact, attempting no more than fragmentary views, often merely glimpses. The Spectator asked Mr. Howells whether it is possible to write the sort of modern-metropolis novel which Thackeray has given us in the old-time metropolis novel, one that not simply makes the reader acquainted with a certain set of people and their peculiar conditions, however unique or interesting, but one that introduces the reader to a life, in characters and conditions the most varied, yet all in some way seeming to belong to the life, to be a part of it. Mr. Howells replied—the Spectator does not quote him with exactness, only the drift of what he said—that such a novel was the opportunity of some future New York novelist. That novelist must, however, start young to fill so large a canvas. So much material to be gathered, so many preliminary sketches to be made with the greatest care, before the picture itself could be touched, required youth and its enthusiasm. One neglected class of people who ought to be worked in was suggested off-hand—the class of comparatively rich people who drift into New York and who go through the forms of doing what they see around them, but who yet live in reality detached lives so far as actual social relationships are concerned. Mr. Howells added that the "smart set" would prove the hardest to picture truthfully, because the *miotf* of their living is difficult of comprehension to one who studies it from the outside. This seemed to the Spectator at the time a strange comment

to come from one who has Mr. Howells's genius for social dissection.

The Spectator's friend seized upon Mr. Howells's views as a vindication of his own charge of New York provincialism. The Spectator did not dispute the matter, but, after his friend had gone, turned to an essay where Matthew Arnold defines

the distinguishing quality of Dr. Newman as "urbanity," and adds: "In the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no center, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, . . . there is a note of provinciality." The Spectator wondered whether Arnold could have better put our case in a word had he been an American and a New Yorker.

The Montgomery Conference

By Isabel C. Barrows

THE people of the South have been given full reports of the great Conference for studying race problems and conditions which was held in Montgomery, Ala., May 8-10. Probably no Conference was ever more fully reported in the South. The Montgomery "Advertiser" alone printed twenty-six columns in the two days' issues, besides long editorials and a special report after the close of the meetings of Mr. Bourke Cockran's twelve-thousand-word speech. The Atlanta "Constitution" has also printed full reports, as have many other papers. It will therefore be known throughout the Southern part of the country just what the leaders of thought have to say about the white man's burden. It is absolutely necessary that those in other sections should know something of what their Southern brothers are hoping and waiting for.

A permanent society has now been organized for the study of race problems, and the Conference was the first of a series. The men at the head of it are well known and thoroughly trusted. They tried to be as impartial as possible in selecting speakers for this meeting, and though no men whose interests are wholly in the North were on the programme, yet there was enough diversity of opinion expressed to have occasioned disturbance had there not been a consciousness that this was a meeting for talk and not for action. As it was, there was no friction, no expressed disapproval, not even a hiss, as might have been possible at the statement of one or two that the outcome in the far future would be amalgamation of the two races. When things that specially pleased the white people were said, and they applauded

vigorously, the negroes, who sat in the gallery, maintained a discreet silence. When their turn came and they approved some speaker, there was noise enough of feet and hands and voices from the colored men and women to whom the words appealed, while the whites below sat in dignified quiet. There were a few who maintained neutrality and expressed neither pleasure nor displeasure at anything that was said. They were friendly to both sides, and were seeking only justice and fair play, but betrayed by no sign on which side they were to be found.

The whole thing was most interesting. In the first place, there was the city, so beautifully situated, clasping the Alabama River in its embrace, and spreading out upon the fair hills, the noble Capitol standing on one of the finest, with the stately monument to the Confederate dead near it. Few cities in the South are so rich in association with a historic past as Montgomery. Aside from the older associations and those with the days when there were more Indians than either whites or negroes, there is the yet vivid memory that here was the seat of the Confederate Congress, that here the lost cause was most truly felt as lost, that here their great leader lay in state after his death. One must be lacking in imagination and in sympathy who could stand unmoved among these scenes, especially if received as a guest in a charming home where one of the tenderest thoughts that cling to the past is that, when Jefferson Davis was their guest, he had kissed the little lad who is now a stripling grown. One falls to wondering whether any people could have more completely laid aside bitterness and resumed their old-time generous

hospitality to those who had been their foes than these cultivated Southern men and women have done. Had anything more than this Christian spirit been needed to put one in a frame of mind that should be sympathetic, then that other was added as speaker after speaker referred to the horrors and misery, not of the war between the States—that was scarcely alluded to—but of the bitter days of reconstruction. Few in the North have the least conception of the absolute poverty and suffering of those days, with schools, churches, railroads, crops, gone; with lands lying untilled, and labor scattered and gone, or insolent and uncompromising. As bits of the history of that unforgotten past came out in the various speeches, the wonderful contrast, after thirty-five years, is all the more wonderful. Take it in the matter of education for the colored people alone. Here was a land stricken with poverty, which had to borrow money from its conquerors to resume life and business, with great sums of interest to pay on that money, with other large sums to pay for fire and life insurance; with ruined homes to reconstruct and all the wheels of industry to set in motion; with families, who had been wealthy, suddenly so poor that there was no more money for tuition or books, and scant supplies for food and clothes. Yet, in spite of this, such a sense of justice prevailed that when public schools were established they were provided for black and white alike, and in the course of these thirty-five years the people have paid one hundred millions of dollars for the education of the blacks alone. That sounds like a great deal, and it is a large sum, even though the pessimist may divide it by the number of years, and then again by the number of children, and find it ridiculously inadequate. And, yet, though it is a small amount compared with what the United States Government is paying out to-day per capita for Indian children—and that is none too much—it is enough to show the spirit of the best Southern people, and their desire to do what they could in their poverty.

It is true that dire want is no longer felt in some of these States. It is claimed that West Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama are among the most prosperous of the States in the Union to-day; and if so, the

world will look for them to greatly enlarge the sum paid out for the education of all their children as the most economical thing they can do, especially with a view to the growing importance of the South.

It was in this old city and amid such associations that the Southern Conference was held. There were six sessions, devoted separately to a general idea of the problems to be discussed, to the franchise, to education, to the negro in relation to religion, to lynching, and to the negro and social order. Eighteen names of speakers were on the programme, and, with a single exception, all were there in person, coming from New York on the north to Arkansas and Tennessee on the west. And every man came prepared. There was a consciousness that it would not do to appear with fragments of thoughts on the special subject to be presented. This careful preparation made it easy for the papers to print voluminous reports, and secured the great advantage of spreading the views of these men as widely as possible.

If one were to say which speakers seemed most forcible, probably it would be fair to select the Chairman, the Hon. H. A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, who spoke on "The Problems that Present Themselves;" the Hon. A. M. Waddell on the Franchise; Dr. H. B. Frissell and Dr. Curry on Education; and Mr. Bourke Cockran on the Fifteenth Amendment. Ex-Governor MacCorkle pleased many who agreed with his views, but he was ill and did not make as strong an impression as he might have done under other circumstances. The Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, of Baltimore, gave a capital address, but it was not so warmly received as it might have been but for two facts—that he belonged to a Church which had few adherents in attendance, and that he confessed to having slept beneath the roof of colored people and to breaking bread with them—marks of social equality that are not acceptable here, certainly not to such men as Mr. John Temple Graves, who declared in his speech that there was not a man in that audience who would invite Booker Washington to be his guest over night. Dr. Slattery gave some interesting facts concerning the work of the Catholics among the negroes. There exist in this country two Catholic negro

sisterhoods. Since their foundation many years ago there has never been a breath of scandal against any one of them. In the Baltimore Seminary about a hundred boys are preparing for the ministry, and six or seven black boys among them. In a class of fifty-five a negro boy carried two prizes, and out of a possible mark of ten in all the arts a negro boy got eight, and won his A.B. in his first and his A.M. in his second year. A seminary for negro boys is to be established in Montgomery. In the first three years the boy will have English and a little Latin. The second and third terms of three years each will include Latin, the catechism, the Bible, and theology. There is to be manual training in the course also. These and similar studies will carry the boy through three years more, and he will be graduated at twenty-two or three. The graduates will then be sent to various missions, where they will hold services and receive a fair salary. If they marry, they may continue in that line of life; if they remain single, they will be advanced in church work and position. It is believed that the Roman Catholic Church will reach a great many colored people and be helpful in improving their morality.

Referring to other matters, Dr. Slattey said that he had the confidence of a great many intelligent colored men, and he had never seen an educated one who had any objection to the restriction of the franchise, provided it were done legally and with the restrictions applying equally to both races. He closed by saying that there is one thing that we can all do with reference to this race problem, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, rich or poor, high or low, and that is, set a good example. The negro is a reflection of his surroundings. If there were enlightened rule over him, and if we were all honest and straightforward in our dealings with him, there would be no such thing as race conflict. You can build nothing on a man's faults. The only way to improve any one is to take him at his best. That is true of ourselves; it is true of the negro. We must take him at his best. He believed the day was coming when the negro, enlightened, educated, and devoted, would fit himself not only to do Christian work in this land, but to a time when he would go, with the Constitution of the United

States in one hand and the Bible in the other, to win again to the Lord the land of Tertullian, Cyprian, and St. Augustine.

This was a much more hopeful view than that taken by Mr. Graves, who is looking forward to the time when the ten millions will be deported and the land set free of this dark incubus; or than that of the men who hinted at decimation by disease, and the friction of a competition which the negro cannot meet. It was more cheerful than Mr. Waddell's North Carolina method, where the "grandfather clause" cuts off sixty thousand votes, and leaves the non-voters discontented. It is, of course, compatible with some of the other plans which were advocated, such as the restriction of the ballot by educational and property qualifications, especially if those are to bear on white and black alike. Such a plan was advocated by Mr. MacCorkle most earnestly, and by some others. But it must be acknowledged that the prevailing sentiment of the Conference was in favor of the repeal, or the modification, of the Fifteenth Amendment. It was to show the desirability of this that Mr. Cockran went down to Alabama and spent an hour and a half in urging his views upon a willing multitude. Mr. MacCorkle in his speech had declared that this could never be done, that he had never seen a man in the North who would vote for it; but almost before the words were out of his lips appeared this giant in eloquence and convinced the people that here was one Northern man at least (if he could be considered a New Yorker, and so of the North) who believed it was the only way to secure a good understanding between the races and a chance for industrial education and commercial progress.

The late Mrs. E. C. Johnson used to say that if she could give her prisoners something to think about, they were more easily held in discipline. The people of the South of all shades have something to think about and to talk over as the result of this great gathering, and in that sense it is educational, whatever the final results may be. But it is also an omen of a better era that men can so frankly discuss their views and utter their most cherished sentiments, and have a respectful hearing from those who sincerely oppose them.

With the Highlanders at Koodoesberg¹

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner of The Outlook in South Africa

IT seems a long jump backwards now to the little battle at Koodoesberg, Cape Colony, and it is in miles and time. Those who read this probably have forgotten that there was ever such a place; small blame, perhaps, for it was not of such importance. But I shall not forget it, and it will long be remembered in bonnie Scotland and old England, in a few homes where they now wear black and yet look with tears at pictures of stalwart young fellows in kilt and sporran, gay and gallant in all the bravery of Highland soldiers.

There would be little use in making reference to the map, I take it, for Koodoesberg is only a kopje, and few South African maps—even those furnished to commanding officers—show kopjes! You see, there are so many of them, and they are at best only tumultuous piles of rocks and boulders rising here and there like craterless volcanoes, or lifting in rigid succession out of the featureless veldt. They are not worth counting, perhaps; so the cartographers of South Africa fail to put them in; or, if they do, most probably put them in the wrong places, which is not so excusable and may be misleading. But they are famous places in which to find Boers, or, better, for Boers to find Englishmen; and all the young Cronjes and Jouberts, Pretoriuses and Bothas, know them by heart, and when they leave one they go to the next, which, likely enough, is as good.

They melt in among the friendly rocks like marmots in a burrow hill; and thence they take pot shots at advancing lines of dusty gray men who carry horses' loads on their backs and wear heavy helmets that pain their sweaty brows and fall over their eyes—alas! interfering sadly with their aim, when accuracy is valuable.

Sometimes, however, Brother Boer gets on a kopje when the next is a good distance off, and then comes the dusty man's chance. If he is quick enough with his rumbling, dusty guns and his jolting,

galumphing horses, he may get round behind, and if he does so (before he is found out), things look better for the dusty man. But it is seldom he is quick enough—he's hampered so with straps, and his horses have so long been jolting and galumphing without water, and attempting to thrive on uncrushed oats (which they cannot properly digest), that he is sometimes too late, and Brother Boer, who knows no straps except those that hold his cartridges, and whose horses get no oats, but grow fat on veldtgrass and karoo-bush—Brother Boer is a cloud of dust, making for the next good place that is not on the map.

It took some time for the man in the helmet to learn that there was any back door to a kopje. His generals used to tell him to go over the top from the front, and he always tried his best, with the result that he gave the Netley nurses at Wynburg no end of work, and the War Office in London not a little trouble and worry into the bargain.

A great deal must be said for the man in the rocks also; as long as his front alone was threatened, he held his ground like a good one. While there was any promise of good shooting, he would not budge, and stood such a pounding with iron and lead and vile-smelling, ear-splitting projectiles, that it seemed a fair waste of cordite and energy to attempt to move him. He never ventured out; he slept in his clothes, and cooked in his trenches—for these he learned to use early in the game; he lived like a cave man; but his Mauser was never out of his reach, and he hoped all the time that the dusty man would try the front door again.

This is digression and generality, you may think; and yet it is not so altogether, for "Koodoesberg" is the story of how the back door was left open by the Boers, and how the English failed to take advantage of it. So this brings us back to Saturday, February the third, and to Modder River.

It is often rather a good policy to wait

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a little while before one writes of things that are happening in current warfare. It is easy to make mistakes, and snap judgments are generally wrong. No one knew at the time why we went to Koo-doesberg; and what it all meant no one could tell for weeks afterwards. Then we were told, and the explanation seems feasible. East and west of our more or less fortified camp at Modder lay an open country, said to be infested with the enemy, who, so far as Lord Methuen was concerned, were allowed to infest to their hearts' content. Within the cordon of our outposts and picket-lines the soldiers played football and cricket when off duty, and had smoking concerts in the evenings. Only when the big guns on the hill fired their morning greetings at the Boer position did we remind one another that war was the big game we were playing. The men were wearing out their clothes sitting still, and spending their pay on tinned sweets, sardines, and jam, and this did not improve their wind or general health in the least.

The horses, picketed for weeks in the lines, and exercised only at drill or marching to water, lost appetite and grew thin, while the soldiers fattened. Flies multiplied, smells, dust, disease, and discomfort increased, and we kept on doing nothing. At last it dawned upon some of us why we were waiting. Then we saw on the bulletin-board at the "gossip market" near the railway station that Lord Roberts, the soldiers' general, Field-Marshal of Great Britain, was coming, and we took heart and rejoiced. "Bobs to the bat," said some one; "now we'll do some scoring." Kitchener was coming, too! Kitchener, the greatest army organizer living, the man who made a railway keep pace with an army. And, all in due time, they both arrived at Cape Town.

By the first of February rumor had it that Modder River was their destination, and the military barometer rose accordingly.

On the morning of the third I made my daily call at the censor's office, and saw Major Streatfield, an officer who had endeared himself to the correspondents by reason of his unfailing courtesy and the soldierly and polite manner in which he discharged his rather exacting duties. Major Streatfield is a type of the class of

Englishmen who are the best wherever they are found—good soldiers, keen sportsmen, always the same. One gets to know them at a glance.

The Major kindly informed me that I was one of a limited number of correspondents who had been given permission to accompany an expedition in force that had started to the westward the previous evening. We were told that we would catch them near Fraser's Drift, some nine miles down the river. And now let me turn my diary, although diaries are dreary reading. I find this entry:

"... Saddled up quickly, put two days' provisions in saddle-bags, and rode through camp to pontoon bridge over Modder west of railway bridge. Notice great progress made in repairing since last week. Found five correspondents waiting on south bank. Escort consisted of one Rimington guide, Festivy [I shall mention him further on]; started at 12:30. Headed west and soon reached camp limits; the army has more than doubled in size in last few days; noticed numbers of new regiments and parks of artillery; kept on past Willemskraal. Wire fences cut, and deep ruts, showing force ahead has artillery and transport. Came upon camp on a sloping hill above drift; found Highland Brigade, under command General Hector MacDonald, resting with blankets spread over bushes as shelter from the sun. Two squadrons of the Ninth Lancers and one battery of the Sixty-second Artillery are here; transport wagons, mules, and drivers camped on the hill. Great speculation rife as to object of expedition. Some say Kimberley—rather doubt it—entire force numbers less than five thousand. Rumor that we are to divert enemy's attention from some other move more important. Enemy probably knows all about it. Hear we have provisions for only four days—taking hungry men to Kimberley—"coals to Newcastle." Doubt if we see enemy at all. Hear roll-call is at five; start somewhere at 6:15 to-morrow A.M."

The above is quoted only to show that our destination was a secret. We were sailing under sealed orders, so to speak, for the field telegraph that the engineers spun out as a spider spins a thread kept us in communication with the headquarters at Modder. I have strong reasons to

suppose that General MacDonald himself was not exactly certain of the ultimate objective, and was receiving his orders from the wire. Let me give the real purpose, as it is now believed and understood.

Lord Roberts, whose movements were kept as quiet as possible, for good reasons, was expected to come up by train on the fifth or sixth. The lines of communication were thinly guarded. The small force at Enslin had been attacked but a few days before, and the intelligence department had received information that there was a movement on foot for a strong force of the enemy to sweep down from the westward and capture the train bearing the man who was destined to solve the military riddle (or, better, muddle) in South Africa. So we were an advance guard, as it were, and the intention was that we should hold the drift or drifts at which the enemy might attempt to cross the river, and thus by the mere evidence of preparation forestall any attempted foray.

That we should get into any row of our own I do not think was the intention. That we did so was only one of the uncertainties of war. And now to get on with the story that seems a long time in beginning:

The morning of the fourth broke clear and cool, as South African mornings dawn, not a cloud in the sky, the thirsty rising sun drinking up the dew. The moon sank in as the sun lifted, and the camp awoke with the usual lighting of fires—plain to view, I suspect, from the Boers' stronghold of Magersfontein. There were shaking of blankets, snatches of song, rattle of accouterments, and bawling of mule-drivers. Breakfast, coffee and a biscuit, and the brigade moved down from the bush-covered hill to the open veldt that stretched for miles to the south of the river, ending in a chain of sharp kopjes that trimmed the sky-line to the west.

Many a Highlander will never forget that day's march. How finely it began! The wide skirmish-line followed the screen of cavalry; the dark kilts of the Black Watch and the plaids of the Seaforths drew a smear of color against the gray-green of the veldt. The flankers were out on either side in proper formation, and the artillery and transport, followed by the rear guard, were in their places. Disdain-

ing the road that followed the bend of the river trending north, the little army extended across the plain. A herd of cattle caught between the lines kept pace with us. The men went on like marching machines; for two hours they kept a perfect alignment. There was no halt.

But there was a subtle change taking place in the sky and air. The blue almost faded overhead into a glaring bronze, the slight breeze died, and a heated, shimmering oven's-breath settled down to earth. The dry warmth ached the throat and nostrils, and the sun blazed down on the marching column as if it rayed through a burning-glass.

The men began to falter; here and there they sat half hid in the scorched, brittle grass; arms were carried anyhow; the officers and a few sergeants tried to keep the straggling line in shape, but it would straggle. The tinned things and the long weeks of inaction at Modder began to tell. The men were out of condition; they were soft, in bad training—and there was another reason.

On this march, at least, they were laden like pack animals: blankets and great-coats, pouches, slings, haversacks, rifle and bayonet of course, and the heavy kilt that weighs nine pounds alone, with its yards of close-woven cloth; add to this one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition! The river was now a long way to the right, and the water-bottles were empty (when will the English soldier learn the difference between thirst and a mere desire for liquid refreshment?); the water-carts were in the rear. On the march continued; a line of trees in front encouraged the tired men to think their journey's end in sight, and they closed up and kept some semblance of formation. But the trees lined a dry watercourse, and the word passed that Koodoesberg Drift was the destination, five miles further on!

I have tried to remember if I ever felt a hotter day, and I can recall none, and I can remember few times when I was thirstier. But as the head of the column struck into a dusty road, it was seen that we were approaching the river again. Men continued falling out; some crawled in under the shade of little bushes, others lay there in the sun panting. A short halt and the brigade was ordered on again. A bend brought the river nearer. Stragglers made

out from the lines towards it, and it was just at this time that a lancer brought back word that the Drift was occupied by the enemy.

The position appeared serious. Of the kilted regiments a large percentage were back on the road or now down by the river-bank. Despite the efforts of the officers, the men went there; they smelled water and they would have it. It was hard to keep them away. The Highland Light Infantry, who wear trousers instead of kilts, stood the march better; few left the ranks. I think they had marched slower. Soon along came the artillery; caissons and guns littered with accouterments, tired men staggering along beside them. The ambulances followed next, filled with bad cases; and then came the wagons with more. With the prospect of a fight ahead, the situation was not enlivening. It might be hard to say what would have happened if the troops had been called into action. But there was no fight this day. The lancers had found a half-score of Boers at the Drift, exchanged shots with them, and driven them off across the plain in the direction of Kamelhoek.

Now, what I have written is no criticism of the Highland Brigade or of officers or men. It is but the recital of what took place. The excessive heat and the heavy marching order, taken into account with the fact that it was their first long march, were responsible. When we reached the Drift, where we went into camp, the stragglers kept coming in until long after midnight, and the next morning all but three were accounted for.

The correspondents had taken quarters at a good-sized white house next to a little store owned and kept by a gentleman who had been quite successful in fishing on both sides of the stream. He was a British colonial subject, of course, but the Boers and rebels—who are the worse—had long been in possession, and if he had not been fairly decent to them I doubt if he could have remained at home with comfort. Mr. B—berg had helped the Kimberley despatch-riders, however, and his protestations of loyalty were vehement upon our entrance. As he proved his assertion by offering us everything eatable and drinkable that he possessed and refusing to take pay, our suspicions were mollified. However, the gentleman was

nervous, and left the next day for the railway station with his family, after digging up his money from the garden, which showed more trust in the army than he had put in the enemy. Some of us slept in beds that night for the first time in months. The next morning we were up bright and early, and I crossed the river to take breakfast with the officers of the Black Watch. I had good friends there, and finer fellows never wore kilts or carried the Queen's commission. Out of the twenty-nine gallant soldiers who formed that mess when the transport landed them at the Cape, but seven now remain. The regiment on the march looks like a half battalion.

Returning to the diary: "Wednesday, February 5. . . . At 3:45 a lancer came dashing down the hill, plashed through stream, and the word flew about that the Boers were approaching in big force. Only the Black Watch and the Lancers were north of river. Men in swimming and scattered about, but quickly they formed. Lancers went out . . . followed them. Firing began on front and east of kopje; continued for some time heavily. One lancer (McNickoll) killed and two horses wounded. Our Maxim opened in front. . . . Boers tried to take kopje. Bullets spattered out on plain way behind us. Poor Kafirs sheltered on hill crouching behind their kraals. Our men came down from kopje for water; the well on hill surrounded by joking crowd regardless of fact of being under fire. Mention Festivy apparently trying to get killed. Mention General MacDonald, Colonel Ewart, Brigade Major—one of the best officers ever seen. Firing going on as night fell—went back to house and had fine supper."

It was but a skirmish, after all—in fact, the whole affair was hardly more—but remarkable for the fact that the Boers were apparently attacking, and the notes made for reference, are hardly necessary, for I shall never forget several incidents of the day.

When they brought in the body of poor McNickoll, a tall trooper was walking beside the stretcher. His sun-bronzed face was drawn; he helped one of the bearers as if to ease the jolting, although the burly figure lying there was past all pain.

"So, Bill, you've lost your pal," said

another trooper who came up. He spoke in a half-whisper, commiseratingly.

"Aye, we'll miss him sore," was the answer.

"Was he your pal?" some one asked.

"Aye! and, man! you should 'ave 'eard 'im play the penny whistle!"

And Festivy, the Rimington guide! I sha'n't forget him. He may have been fifty, he may have been sixty-five. He was the son of a British admiral, but had lived long in the colonies and he knew Boer methods from start to finish. His friends called him "Old Festivity." He talked about London clubs, Derby winners, or Basuto ponies with equal ease. I watched him for some minutes that day with the peculiar and interested anxiety that one witnesses the performance of a tight-rope walker. I wondered if he was going to get through safely. I had my doubts. He was out in front of the lancers, and when they retired at a gallop—in a vain attempt to lure the enemy nearer—he *walked* in. But I noticed that he guided his pony from side to side, and managed, for most part of his journey, to keep a clump of bushes between him and the place where the Boers were lying.

I intimated that he must carry a heavy insurance.

"No," said he, showing an empty bandolier, "I came in for more ammunition."

The next day we expected a big fight, but there was only some firing in the morning, and the men bathed in the river and skylarked on the banks. There was one sad thing that happened: a party of the lancers found one of the missing ones who had fallen out of ranks on Sunday. He was not three miles from the river, and less than five miles from camp; he had thrown away everything but his rifle, and was mad with thirst. They gave him the contents of four water-bottles, and that promptly killed him. Of the other two not accounted for, one turned up at a Kafir kraal and the other made his way back to Modder.

So we come to Wednesday, the day that all this circumlocution leads to. And perhaps it is best at this late minute to describe the situation:

Less than three thousand yards from the drift or ford across the river rose the high, flat-topped kopje. Its highest point was

the nearest, and it stretched back to the northward in a succession of rocky ridges for perhaps two miles. On the east were two smaller crests, and these, with the high south ridge and a line from them to the river bank, were held by a detachment of the Highland Light Infantry, the Sea-forths, and the Black Watch. The whole elevation rose like a small mountain range out of the dead level of the plain. The artillery, with the exception of two guns, were on line with the Black Watch, and up to this day had not fired a shot, as the General did not wish to disclose his strength or position.

The correspondents had been ousted from the white house south the river, for the General had chosen it for headquarters; from the very doorstep it commanded a fine view of the situation.

We were at breakfast in the shelter of a wagon near the river-bank, and still speculating as to what the whole adventure meant, when a bubble of firing was heard from across the river.

One soon learns to recognize the difference between the Mauser, the Lee-Metford, and the Martini; the first goes "ca-pow!" with a harmless-sounding, double report; the second is sharper to the ear; it seems to say "crack-it" or "whack-er" quite distinctly; while the Martini whangs and bangs like an ordinary fire-iron. The Martini sometimes burns black powder, which must be distressful to its owner, but it is a bad thing to try to step in front of.

No attention was paid to the bubbling until there came a loud report, followed by a still louder, from the kopje; at the same time brisk firing broke out down the river. We rushed from the shelter of the trees. A round ball of smoke hung over the crest, and as we watched there came another, bursting over the heads of our men, who could be seen perching among the rocks quite distinctly. The Boers had mounted a gun on the kopje during the night (or, better, early morning, as I subsequently talked with a man who helped to drag it there); from the increasing rifle fire it was evident that they were gathered in some force and were also ensconced down the river, for the fire had redoubled.

General MacDonald walked out from his breakfast carefully prepared by his

Indian servants; the General is an epicure. He smiled, and adjusted his field-glasses.

"Hullo!" said he, "seem to have mounted a gun up there, eh?"

He did not appear to be alarmed. I don't think he was ever alarmed in his life; he did not even appear worried. I am not sure that he went back to his breakfast, but he gave an order, and two companies of the Highland Light Infantry that had moved north the river were sent up the kopje to reinforce the specks on the ridge. The Boer gun was burning black powder. Every time it fired a little cloud of smoke rose above the crest to the left. The time-fuse was set to about eleven hundred yards, and we could see the shrapnel rocketing over our men, who were as noisy as boiler-makers. The strange thing about it was that all the troops on the south bank were well within range, but the Boer gun devoted its attention to the riflemen close to them; only a few stray bullets crossed the river.

A regiment takes its cue from its colonel, and an army reflects its leader. General MacDonald walked up and down near the signal-station back of headquarters, with his sleeves rolled up and a quiet smile half hid under his short, heavy mustache. His responsibility did not appear to weigh on him, and yet he had said the day before that our position was not a good one. Any one could go up and speak to him; he was surrounded with no barrier of red-labeled staff officers. He had a word for all, and would join in a conversation as naturally as if he were a mere spectator. But if you noticed his eyes, you perceived that he saw everything. He gave his orders slowly but firmly, more in the tones with which one gives advice. I recall one or two incidents:

The forces on the kopje edge, who were catching it rather hot, sent down a request for reinforcements. The officer who bore the message was a bit excited.

"Tell them," said the man who had won his way up from the ranks, "tell them that they've got to hold it." He spoke as if he had rather a good joke on them. "Send them up plenty of food and water," he added. "Tell them to sit tight."

The officer saluted and went off, but I really think he looked quite as relieved as if he had received a hurried order for

a regiment. As he left, the General spoke casually to those near him.

"They can't get away," he said. "They've *got* to hold it."

He called up one of the army guides and asked a few questions as to distances, roads, and so on—just as a tourist might who had an interest in the country. All this bore result. The non-combatant element took up its usual work. A mess-cook began plucking a fowl; some men went down to the river-bank and commenced washing clothes. Yet all the time the whacking, bubbling, and thrumming went on down the river and on the kopje opposite, and in the rear the mules stood harnessed to the transport and ambulances. Two field-pieces of the Royal Field Artillery had now opened on the Boer gun's position, and their sharp, smokeless reports ushered forth the hissing, fluttering screech of fifteen-pound shells. But the Boers shifted their piece, and their shrapnel burst and clanged on the hillside.

I remember one or two other incidents.

The General had occasion to send an order to the half-battery on the left, which had now been reinforced by two more guns that had rumbled in from their position on the plain across the river.

"Tell Captain —— he might move two guns further west, but to use his own discretion in all events."

There was no official infallibility about this; such an order conveyed a compliment. Another time:

An officer, a brave and tried one, too, rode up quickly and spoke without dismounting:

"I have to report, sir, that a shell struck back here in our rear just now. I think they are training on us."

"No, I don't think that was a shell," said the General, his eyes twinkling as they always do when he talks. "I don't think that was a shell."

"Several officers saw it, sir."

"I saw it, too," was the quiet reply. "A puff of wind raised a cloud of dust out of that donga as the gun fired. It was no shell." The General smiled; the officer saluted and rode away. Strange to relate, the latter could remember the former when he wore sergeant's chevrons; now he wore crossed swords and a star.

All this time there was a plan in the

General's mind; a plan that he probably felt was now maturing to a finish, for the telegraph had ticked a message back along our dusty, circuitous route to Modder River, and as the crow flies a horse could travel, or many horses for that matter, and make it but thirteen miles over the open country north of the river.

I do not think the General wished the Boers or their gun to leave their side of the kopje for a time.

Now to the tiresome diary again as a short cut:

"... Boer gun well served; got exact range of men on kopje. Can see them taking shelter, but returning steady fire. Our guns firing at smoke of Boer gun range 3,150 yards. 11:30, two more guns moved front to rear across river. Practice excellent. Boer gun ceased firing 11:55. 12 M. firing on our extreme left quite brisk. If we are ever turned out of this position, we will be in a bad way; fight all the way back to Modder. Action in front seems to be going all right. Ambulance has just gone forward to base of kopje. Our artillery has ceased firing. The lancers, dismounted, are engaged on our left (west). 12:30, two guns of center section have just gone forward to left to shell Boers out of farm-house on north bank near Sands Drift. The fire from them silenced, and guns left in old position opened on what is either cattle or horses going over low ridge N. W. [Proved to be cattle, poor beasts!] 2:30, squadron of Ninth Lancers under Captain Campbell arrived from Klockfontein; they had followed our old trail. Went off to west wing at gallop. News brought that reinforcements were coming along north bank from Modder. We will outflank them now! Wounded brought in from kopje. All in good spirits. Say that they are giving Boers fits. . . . Report now is that 4,000 cavalry and 600 artillerymen are coming to surround the kopje. Never saw any one so cool and collected as General MacD—. Fight handled magnificently. . . . Rode out to line on east, and then, under shelter of hill, tied horse to bushes and went up the kopje side."

Going up the kopje side was an experience not to be forgotten. Not that there was any danger in it, for the Boer shrapnel had ceased scattering, but for the

reason that there was a certain loneliness about it. From a distance the rocky hill carried no idea of its great steepness; it did not suggest the roughness of its dark-brown sides nor the immensity of its boulders. There were a few wounded men being helped down some distance away, where there seemed to be a sort of path, and some laboring soldiers a good distance to the right were tugging up empty biscuit-tins full of water to the men who were fighting two or three hundred feet higher up on the crest. It was a painfully slow progress they were making; they were splashed soaking wet, and out of temper with the job. I think that they would rather have been on the fighting-line than where they were.

The way I had chosen to make the ascent had appeared to be the shortest, but I now found it was the rockiest and steepest; a deep donga or depression was in front and had to be crossed. It was when I was at the bottom of it, hid from the wide view and from sight of all moving objects, that I experienced the sensation of loneliness. It was enhanced by a very peculiar phenomenon.

What little breeze there was came from the east; I was well in that direction and to windward of the fighting. I could scarcely hear it, listen my best, but the space overhead was full of the whining of bullets; the sound was like the sudden tightening and loosening of fiddle-strings high in mid-air, little scurrying notes of music changing from sharp to flat and from flat to sharp again. Now and then one whirruped like a whiplash. Being at about the extreme limit of fire, some occasionally fell among the rocks with spiteful little whacks and spats. The feeling of loneliness increased. I wanted to be where there were human beings, where there was other company than the little whimpering air-devils. As I scrambled up I stopped for a moment.

There at my feet lay the battered case of a shrapnel behind a big boulder; it looked very new and very out of place; the red paint that had decorated part of it was fresh and bright, and not far away lay the fuse and cap, with the figures indented on the brass rim—the cabalistic signal it had obeyed in delivering its death-message. I looked at it as one looks at the harmless dead remains of a noxious

reptile. I felt a desire to turn it over with my foot, to pick it up and preserve it. But at the same time I felt it was best to move on, and soon I was out of the hollow and under the steep crest, up which the men were still tugging at the shining tin biscuit-boxes. There were a few Highlanders sitting back of some great steep rocks. Two were munching biscuit, another was reading a ragged newspaper. They looked like men who had knocked off work for a five minutes' rest; their tools lay across their knees; not twenty feet above their heads, but some distance forward, there was a deal of whacking and cracking, and droves of the lost, crazy musical notes passed over the ridge.

I turned and looked behind me. It almost seemed as if one could jump down into the river; the white house could be reached by a tossed pebble. I could follow the dusty trail that had led us to the Drift below. A group of figures in the door-yard could be plainly seen. I almost thought I could distinguish the General. Off to the east rose the line of kopjes of Magersfontein, separated from Koodoesberg by a wide stretch of bush-dotted veldt. Nearer was another farmhouse at which there were a few lancers, and a company of the Black Watch could be made out, drawing a dark line over the plain to the river-bank.

But where were the reinforcements? If it were not for a slight elevation of the ground, one could have seen the white tents of Modder camp, but thirteen miles away. In this direction hung a lazy cloud of dust.

I adjusted my field-glasses and looked out over the open. It was quite startling. Several dark squares and patches that I had taken to be clumps of sun-browned bush resolved themselves into thick lines of mounted men standing in close order. What I had taken for the walled inclosure of a kraal changed into limbers, caissons, and guns, with the horses all harnessed, the bombardiers, drivers, and gunners in their places. They looked as if they were standing on parade; the lines were perfect. But they did not move! I turned to call the attention of the Highlanders to the sight. But they were rising; it was as if they had noticed that the spell of rest was over, and feared the foreman would soon miss them.

"Come, you lads," said the man who had been reading the paper, folding it into the pocket of his soiled khaki tunic. "We'd better be goan' back." The others rose, dusted their kilts, shouldered their tools, and climbed up the rocky ladder to work.

It is this very every-day sort of thing that robs war of glamour. Men joke and smoke and curse and swear and sweat, and occasionally grunt if they are hit. It is not a bit grand, although it may be exciting enough to lift your heart-beats at times, to be sure; and it ceases to be horrible. It is just usual, that is all. But enough.

Filled with wonder at what I had seen down in the plain, I followed up to the crest.

There was a line of Highlanders behind dark-brown rocks stretching off to the right, and further on another line slightly more advanced and reaching up to a deep depression that crossed the rocky plateau, dividing it into two sections, as it were. On the left there were some figures behind more rocks, and then a little fort or wall of stones that appeared to be quite crowded. Occasionally a man's shoulder went up, his elbow lifted, and you could quite distinguish the individual "whack-er" that belonged to him. Sometimes the man who had fired would bob his head up and bob it down again like a boy who called "coop" at hide and seek. Some of the Highlanders wore their helmets, others worked bareheaded; now and then the little fort larked out a thrubbing volley. It sounded like the sudden slipping of a wet cable on a windlass—a jarring, blurred report.

There was a man sitting quite close to me with his back to a boulder; he was smoking a pipe, and a bloody bandage just showed beneath his kilt. I approached him, in a manner perfectly safe but not dignified. I asked him "How things were going?" which is the usual method of beginning conversation on the battlefield.

"A' recht, sir. But we ha' lost some men."

"Are you badly hurt?"

"A scraatch. I fired a' ma ammunee-tion."

He puffed at his pipe, and I took a peep over the rock. I could not see anything but more rocks—probably I had

not looked long enough. Not far away Colonel Hughes-Hallett of the Seaforths was moving some of his men to the right. He spoke as if he was cross at something. The men moved with slow caution; I thought the Colonel exposed himself a trifle too much.

From where we were there was still a fine view of the open plain. The brown squares were moving, the dust was rising. They were sweeping north at last. I drew the Highlander's attention to what was going on.

"Guid!" said he. "We ha' got 'em now."

He called to another man prone among the boulders and pointed. This man called to another, and soon a score or more had marked the movement and its import. If some one had led them, they would have cheered.

But my thoughts were soon on something else, for my new friend told me that Captain Blair, of H Company of the Seaforths, was killed, and that Lieutenant Tait, of the Black Watch, was badly wounded, and so was Captain Eyekyn. Blair I knew but slightly, but I admired and liked him, as did every one who knew him. He had just taken command of his company at Modder (its first captain had been killed at Magersfontein). His body was not far from where we sat. Poor fellow! he had been struck by a fragment of shell in the neck. No doctor could reach him, for the shrapnel and rifle fire earlier in the day had been terrific. Two of his men lying beside him had tried to tie up his wound; failing in this, they had attempted in turn to stanch the flow of blood with their fingers. But it was of no avail; nothing but expert surgery, and perhaps not that, could have saved him.

When the bearers moved Blair's body down the hill later on, I went down with it to where the ambulances waited at the foot of the kopje. Eyekyn, I found out, had been sent in (poor, handsome Eyekyn! he died two days later), but Tait was still up on the lead-swept plateau. He had been wounded at Magersfontein, and had but lately returned to his luckless regiment. He was the same kind of a soldier as he was a sportsman. As all know, he had been champion golfer of England—keen, eager, and cool. Such a fine fellow, with his honest blue eyes, his simple, frank manner, and a smile I never will forget.

He warmed every one's heart, did Freddy Tait; mine had gone out to him.

My dear friend Grieve, an Australian commanding a company of the Black Watch—for its officers were mowed like ripe grass at Magersfontein—told me how it happened. Tait had repeatedly exposed himself in an effort to find the hiding-place of some Boer marksmen in front, and they found him. He lay down. "This is not Magersfontein," he said. "They've done for me this time," and with that he put his helmet over his face. He died in the field hospital that night.

Poor Grieve! he is gone too, now; he lies buried at Paardesberg. He was the finest natural soldier I ever met. I was proud of his friendship, and am proud that I can remember it. But this has no place here. Later.

That night I lay out under the great South African moon, thinking over what every one knew by this time, that the whole thing had ended in blunder, that that magnificent onward sweep of mounted men and guns had continued "only so far," and that the officer commanding it had chosen to turn about and come in about tea-time, leaving the work half begun, and hardly that. I felt sorry for General MacDonald. His well-laid plan had gone to pieces, through no fault of his (and he had them in the palm of his hand!). What might have been an unexpected success was an unexpected failure. There is no use here in going into details or results.

As I lay there I felt sick of war and wondered at it, for the bad news had just been brought to me from the hospital, and I was sad that I would see no more of one of the finest men I ever knew. But he was a soldier, and his was a soldier's end.

A page from the diary to finish:

"Thursday, February 8. Dead all buried together early this morning on river-bank near headquarters—sad ceremony. . . . The loss, ten killed, fifty wounded. Later the startling orders have come over wire to evacuate this place before sundown—absolutely impossible! Boers have apparently left kopje, but if we cleared now we would have to stand a running fight all the way to Fraser's Drift. We would be slaughtered. I suppose we will hold position until dark, but decide I will ride in with Donohue and Wright [two correspondents], and Cummings, guide. The

cavalry, with some R. H. A., are out on plain E.N.E., latter shelling some bushes.

"Later. Arrived safely at Modder River 3:40 p.m., glad to get in."

The force under General MacDonald started that evening and arrived on Friday

night without mishap. A few days after an officer high in the rank of the cavalry service went down the line to a sphere of greater usefulness.

Koodoesberg is known as the battle of "what might have been."

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

II.—Hebrew History

By Lyman Abbott

THE history of the Hebrew nation, as it is recorded in the Bible, begins with the exodus from Egypt of the before-enslaved tribes; this exodus took place, if we accept the chronology of Bishop Usher in the margins of our English Bibles, about B.C. 1500. But the earlier history contained in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers may properly be regarded as constitutional history, and is so interwoven with the constitution and laws of the Hebrews that it will be more appropriately considered in the chapters devoted to a consideration of the origin and growth of those laws. The distinctively historical books are those of Joshua, Judges, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, First and Second Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah. Assuming that the exodus took place about 1500 B.C., and the restoration of Israel to her land, as described by Ezra and Nehemiah, about the year 450 B.C., the history of the ancient Hebrews, as narrated in the Old Testament, covers a period of a little over a thousand years. How were the facts which are narrated in these histories ascertained by the narrator?

A journalist lives and a biographer may live in the times when the events which he records took place, and then he may tell what he has himself seen; but a historian rarely is the narrator of events of which he was an eye-witness; he generally gathers his information from various sources, and in his history gives an account of the facts as he has ascertained them by historical research. There is no reason to suppose that the Hebrew historian pursued any other course. We

should expect that, writing of events occupying a period of something like a thousand years, he would have given us in his history the substance of accounts, documentary or oral, in which the history of those years had been preserved; in other words, we should expect that other materials than his own personal knowledge would enter into his history. This expectation is confirmed by a study of Oriental literature. Oriental histories, so the scholars tell us, are rarely original; they are compilations. The Oriental historian does not, as the modern historian, examine and investigate original sources, and give in his own language the results of his investigations; he takes what I may call the raw materials of history which he has discovered, and weaves them together, connecting them by utterances of his own. When a new edition is to be prepared, the new writer simply takes this conglomerate and intercalates the new material which he has obtained, or appends it in additional pages.

If, then, we suppose that Hebrew history was prepared as other Oriental histories have been prepared, we shall assume it possible by painstaking study to ascertain to some extent what are the materials of which it was composed. This is what modern students of Hebrew history have done; they have separated it into its constituent parts. They are not all of one mind in the details, but they are all of one mind in the belief that the Hebrew history is not only composed from pre-existing materials, as Macaulay's history or Green's history, but that it is so composed of pre-existing materials that, through

linguistic peculiarities, forms of expression, historical references, and other indications, the various elements of the history can be measurably distinguished. Even the English reader of the Bible cannot fail to distinguish two of these constituent elements in the later history of the Hebrews, because these elements are not combined in one narrative. From the time of David, that is, about B.C. 1050, to the time of the captivity, that is, about B.C. 600, the history is contained in two narratives, parallel in time but very different in spirit—the First and Second Books of Kings and the First and Second Books of Chronicles.

The Book of Chronicles—really one book in two parts—is written by an ecclesiastic who identifies the religion of the Hebrew people with its churchly forms. His history is essentially Levitical in contents and spirit—the history of Jerusalem, of the Temple, and of the Temple ordinances. National events are measured by their relation to the institutions of religion. When the separation of the before-united kingdom takes place, and the ten tribes form a nation by themselves in northern Palestine, leaving Jerusalem in the hands of the southern tribes, the author of Chronicles does not include them in his subsequent history, for they have no Temple, no Levitical priesthood, no orthodox ritual; to him, therefore, they are to all intents and purposes as pagans. Even the intensely religious and dramatically romantic lives of Elijah and Elisha do not concern him; they are in the northern kingdom, and they are unrelated to the ecclesiastical institutions of Hebraism. On the other hand, he gives in great detail the organization of the hierarchy, the furnishing of the Temple, the genealogies of the tribes, lists of the cities of the Levites, and makes much of the glory of Solomon, the builder of the Temple, and nothing of his decadence and fall. The Book of Kings—for this also is one book in two parts—is as distinctly prophetic as the parallel history is priestly in its character. "The writer records the fulfillment of the promises which God had made to David and his line. A son was to succeed David whose kingdom should be established of the Lord, who should build a house for the Name of Jehovah, and to whom God would be a Father

and from whom the name of the Lord should not depart.¹ To show that this prophecy was fulfilled is the object of the Book of Kings, and what does not conduce thereto is passed over by the compiler with little notice."² It is he alone who tells the story of Elijah and Elisha, he alone who records the influence of Isaiah in the reforms of Hezekiah, he alone who, in telling the story of Josiah's reform, indicates the extent to which the pollutions of the Temple and the priesthood had been carried in the previous reign of Manasseh. Each deals with the nation as the people of God; but to the one the divine life is centered in the ecclesiastical organization, to the other that life is manifested in the activity of the prophets, who belong to no order and are representatives of no organization. So marked is the difference between the two narratives that scholars have attributed the Book of Chronicles to Ezra, the Book of Kings to Jeremiah; it is certain that the one is continued without a break, except a purely formal one, in the history of Ezra; it is equally certain that the other is pervaded by the spirit, not of the Levitical code, but of the prophetic law contained in the Book of Deuteronomy.

The modern scholar, seeing these two types of history, the priestly and the prophetic, in the later historical books of the Bible, has looked for and found them in the earlier books, though woven together into a single strand. The priestly character of the one and the prophetic character of the other, apparent to the casual English reader, in the form of our English Bible, from the reign of David to the Captivity, appear scarcely less evident to the modern literary student of the Bible in the historical narrative from the creation of the world to the time of David. In his analysis of the composite narrative the modern student may be sometimes mistaken; but that really there were originally two such narratives, and that the two have been united in the one narrative which we now possess, is regarded by all scholars who apply literary and scientific methods to the study of the Bible as beyond all question.

¹ 2 Samuel, chapter vii.

² "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges," Book of Kings, Introduction, p. xxiv.

In the first century after Christ, Tatian constructed a harmony of the Gospels which is known as the Diatessaron. It has been recently discovered in the Vatican, translated, and published. If the Four Gospels had disappeared, we should have in this Diatessaron one Gospel composed of the four narratives previously existing. Modern scholars¹ are unanimously of the opinion that the Old Testament historical narratives, prior to the Book of Kings, are, in a somewhat similar manner, composed of two or more previously existing narratives, and that it is possible, to some extent, to separate the history into its different elements. One of these narratives is known as the priestly, or sometimes the Elohist, narrative, because in it the Hebrew word Elohim is used to designate God; the other is termed the prophetic, or sometimes the Jahvist, narrative, because in it the Hebrew word Jahveh or Jehovah is generally used to designate God. When the two words Jahveh-Elohim, or, as rendered in our English Bible, the Lord God, are used, the two narratives have been combined in one by an unknown editor. The opinion that the historical books are thus composed of pre-existing documents is what is known as the Documentary Hypothesis. It is no longer regarded as hypothetical by the scientific or literary student of the Bible.

He also thinks that these original elements themselves are not original writings, but are composed of pre-existing materials, and these materials also, by painstaking study, he endeavors to discover and make clear. It would involve too great detail and carry me too far from my main purpose to report here the conclusions to which this analysis has led modern students;² but the principle is clearly illustrated by original elements easily discernible in the Bible by the English reader. Whole books are embodied in this history; as, the Book of the Covenant in the Book of Exodus, or the larger Book of the Covenant in the Book of Deuteronomy.³ Ancient songs are embodied in it, like the song of Deborah and Barak in the Book of Judges, or the elegy of David over Saul

and Jonathan in the Book of Kings.¹ Other books now lost are referred to by name and quoted verbatim by the Hebrew historians. There are twelve such books mentioned in the Old Testament as authority for statements made. They are: The Wars of the Lord, the Book of Jasher, the Book of Samuel Concerning the Kingdom, the Book of Solomon, the Chronicles of David, the Acts of Solomon, the Acts of Nathan, Samuel, and Gad, the Book of Ahijah the Shilonite, the Visions of Iddo, the Book of Shemaiah the Prophet, the Book of Jehu, the Sayings of the Seers.² In addition to these are official records incorporated in the Old Testament histories. Finally, we have early traditions and popular folk-lore—songs the mothers sang to their children, stories the mothers told their children—inserted in the narrative for the purpose of illustrating phases of life with which the historian was concerned, and which he was endeavoring to interpret to his readers. Such are the story of Balaam's ass, the Samson stories, and perhaps some of the Elisha stories.³

Thus a careful examination even of our English Bible makes it clear that it is composed of pre-existing material, some portions of which it is possible for us to distinguish, showing whence it came and what is its character. The difficulty of doing this is enhanced and the appearance of unity in the narrative is increased by the fact that the ancients had none of those mechanical contrivances of which we make such free use to indicate selections and quotations. Quotation-marks, parentheses, foot-notes, and appendices are all comparatively modern. When an editor of previous writings desired to add something from some other writer, or an interpolation of his own, he had no other method of doing this than by incorporating the addition directly and immediately in the narrative, of which it henceforth became an indistinguishable portion.

How, then, the question will be asked, can we know what is true and what is false in this Hebrew history? If the historian gathered all sorts of material—

¹ Judges v.; 1 Kings i., 17-27.

² That is, all who belong to the modern or literary school, as distinguished from the traditional school.

³ The object of the Polychrome Bible is to make clear to the reader by colors the different materials of which scholars believe the narratives are composed. The principle applies also to other than the historical books.

⁴ Exod. xx.—xxiv., 7; Deut. xii.—xxvi.

² Num. xxi., 14; Josh. x., 13; 2 Sam. i., 18; 1 Sam. x., 25; 1 Kings iv., 32, 33; 1 Chron. xxvii., 24; 1 Kings xi., 41; 1 Chron. xxix., 29; 2 Chron. ix., 29; 2 Chron. xii., 15; 2 Chron. xx., 34; 2 Chron. xxxiii., 19.

³ See "The Bible and its Supremacy," by Dean Farrar, Chapter XVII.; "Scriptures Hebrew and Christian," by E. T. Bartlett, D.D., and John P. Peters, D.D., Vol. II., Part 3.

official records, popular songs, current stories, ancient documents, prehistoric legends—and out of all this material composed his history, how can we tell what of it is trustworthy? And if we cannot tell what of it is trustworthy, if there is no unfailing standard of judgment, does not the motto, “False in one, false in all,” apply? I think it must be conceded by the candid student that we have no such assurance as our fathers thought they possessed as to the accuracy of the statements of *fact* of the Bible history; but it does not follow that our faith in its *truth* is any less clearly established. There is an evident and an important difference between statements of fact and statements of truth, and ignoring that difference has involved Bible students in needless perplexity. The statement of a fact is one which conforms to some external reality; the statement of a truth is one which conforms to a principle. A statement which agrees with an outward and objective existence is a fact, or, more accurately, the statement of a fact; a statement which agrees with a subjective and invisible principle is a truth. The latter, strictly speaking, includes the former; all correct statements of fact are truth, but all truths are not facts. It is a fact that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; it is a truth that God is love.

Now, it is a matter of absolute unimportance to us whether in all particulars the Hebrew history accords with the facts; but it is of the utmost importance for us to know whether or not its statements accord with the truth. A single illustration taken from the New Testament will make this distinction clear. Whether Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem or in Nazareth is not a question which materially affects the moral character of mankind. A man may be as good and as devout a man, and as sincere a follower of Christ, if he believes that Jesus was born in Nazareth as if he believes that he was born in Bethlehem. But the question whether the life of Christ corresponds to the divine ideal, whether it is such a life that men ought to follow it, whether it is such a life as corresponds to the Divine, the Eternal, the Invisible One—that is a profound question, the answer to which must determine the quality of the answerer’s devotion and the course of his life.

That is a question of truth; the other is a question of fact. It is a matter of no more concern to us to know of how many thousand men David’s army was composed on some great occasion than it is for us to know how many men some Greek general had in his campaign; but whether the fundamental principles of national life are rightly interpreted by the Hebrew historian—that concerns our very life, national and individual.

History may be divided into three classes: the factual, the philosophical, and the epic. By factual history I mean history which undertakes simply to tell the facts. The writer of such history cares for nothing else. He does not inquire what the facts signify; what is their human interest; what is their moral meaning: he simply seeks to know what is the fact, and he will sometimes spend weeks and even months in the investigation of a date in order to secure accuracy in his facts. The official report of a department may be taken as an illustration of factual history. The head of the department is not supposed to have, though he sometimes does, any ends to serve, any lessons to teach, any interest to awaken; it is his business simply to give the statistical results of his investigation. There is not much that is philosophic or epic about the records of a census. The philosophic historian is one who is interested in facts only or chiefly because they illustrate or enforce some theory. The facts are not ends; they are simply instruments in his hands: he summons his facts as a lawyer calls his witness, that they may testify on his behalf. Few scholars would go to Buckle’s “History of Civilization” to get an accurate statement of the facts of the periods with which he dealt. Buckle wished to demonstrate a certain theory of civilization, and with great ingenuity he brought together facts which would help to demonstrate his theory. He wrote a philosophical history. He who said that “history is philosophy teaching by example” meant philosophical history. Somewhere between these two is what I will call epic history. The epic historian is not interested in mere fact, nor has he a philosophy or theory which he wishes to demonstrate. He is interested in certain phases of human life, and he uses the facts of history, as the dramatist uses the

creations of his imagination, to interpret human life. Froude's "Life of Erasmus" is a good illustration of epic history.

The history of the ancient times was epic history. The ancient peoples did not discriminate carefully between fact and fiction, between observation and imagination, between what they had seen and what they pictured to themselves. Their poetry, therefore, is historical poetry, having its roots in history; and their history is poetical history, portrayed for the purpose of interesting their readers in certain phases of human life. Homer's *Iliad* we now know is based on certain facts of life far back in Greek history; the reality of the events in general outline has been pretty well established by Schliemann's investigations; but to what extent Homer's representation of these facts is historically accurate in detail it is impossible to determine. On the other hand, Herodotus does not hesitate to use tradition, story, fiction, myth, anything that will aid him to make interesting the story which he writes. And yet Herodotus is called the "father of history." He writes for a purpose. His purpose is not to tell exactly what has happened—his history is not factual; nor is his purpose to establish a philosophy which he desires to demonstrate—his history is not philosophic; his purpose is to illustrate certain phases of Greek life and character in which he is profoundly interested. He has stated this purpose very explicitly in the very first sentence of his history. "This," he says, "is a publication of the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, in order that the actions of men may not be effaced by time, nor the great and wondrous deeds displayed both by Greeks and barbarians deprived of renown: and amongst the rest, for what cause they waged war upon each other." This is the purpose of Herodotus's history—to make clear to all future time the renown of the Greek people.

To this class Hebrew history belongs. It is not factual history; it is not written by men who spent time and labor in securing accuracy in historical detail. They rarely give a date; the dates of Biblical history, so far as we possess them at all, have been ascertained by subsequent and more scientific historians. In some cases, as in the early history of David, two

apparently incongruous accounts current in their time are incorporated in the narrative without any attempt to explain the incongruity or to harmonize the narratives. That has been left for subsequent scholars to attempt. It is clear from such facts as these that these histories are not compiled by men whose interest was in minute historical scholarship. Nor were they compiled by philosophical historians whose object it was to prove or to illustrate a theory. They do not resemble Buckle's "History of Civilization." The Hebrew was rarely a philosopher; he had few theories, and those were of the simplest description.

The Bible histories are epic histories. The historians were interested in one phase of human life—a phase which may be expressed by the single sentence, God is in his world. They believed in a living God, a God who dwelt with his people, who guided and inspired them, who rewarded them when they did right and punished them when they did wrong, who was stronger than the strongest, and was about them as the mountains were about Jerusalem. They believed in the faith of the prophets that Jehovah was able to pluck up and pull down and destroy the nation, or to build it and to plant it at his will.¹ They saw in the history of their own people the witness of this presence and power of the Living God. They wrote history, not as Buckle, to prove a theory; not as Herodotus, to preserve the memory of the great and wondrous deeds of an ancient people; not as Macaulay, to trace the rise and progress of certain political principles as embodied in a great political party; not as John Richard Green, to show the development of a great nation from small beginnings to a position of imperial influence and power: they wrote the history of the Hebrew people to exhibit the dealings of the Living God with his people and with the peoples who were related to them. It is this which gives to Biblical history its peculiar character. That history is less dramatic than Froude, less philosophic than Buckle, less scientific than Freeman, less democratic than Green, less romantic than Herodotus; but it is of all histories the most religious, because, above all other histories, ancient or modern, it endeavors to interpret the

¹ Jeremiah viii., 7, 9.

part the Living God took in the history of a peculiar people.

The Hebrew historian does, indeed, narrate the deeds of great men; but he so narrates them that our attention is fixed, not on the man nor on the deed, but on Jehovah who inspires the man to do the deed. Moses was a great statesman, the father of civil liberty for all humanity; but it is not of the statesman but of the prophet who walked with Jehovah that we think as we read the story of his life. David was a great organizer; the essential principles of his organization of the State into great departments and of the army into companies, regiments, and army corps we still maintain to-day, nearly thirty centuries after his death; but it is not of the great organizer, but of the poet and of his experience of God in nature and in men, that we think as we read the story of his life and his achievements. Ahab brought Israel to a great degree of prosperity by his skill and courage as an astute statesman and a brave captain; and yet it is of the sins of Ahab against God and humanity that we think as we read the story of his reign; not of his statecraft and his military achievements, but of his robbery of Naboth. In all this Biblical history the moral element predominates over the merely political, and the religious over the merely ethical. And yet the historian rarely if ever formulates a dogma or draws a moral. He writes not to prove that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people;" but he believes that this is true, and he believes that this truth is writ large in the history of his people, and he so writes the history that his readers see it recorded there, not by his pen, but by the events themselves.

The question, then, for the student of Biblical history to ask, is not whether all the deeds of the heroes of Hebrew history were virtuous, whether Abraham did right to lie, or Jephtha to sacrifice his daughter, whether Samson was really a hero, or David's adultery was a pardonable offense. The historian recites the virtues of men without applause, and their vices without condemnation. He draws

no morals; this he leaves to be done by the conscience of the reader. The question is not whether God commanded all that the ancient Hebrews thought he commanded, or approved all that they thought he approved. The historian recites their errors as well as their sins. It is not whether all the occurrences took place as recorded; whether Samson tied foxes or jackals together,¹ whether Elijah was fed by ravens or Arabians,² whether Elisha made the ax-head swim in the water.³ The value of the history does not depend upon its scientific accuracy in detailed incidents in this remote past. The question to consider is whether the historian is right or wrong in his interpretation of human history, whether God is in his world of men, whether Jehovah is to be reckoned with in national policies, whether moral forces are to be taken account of by wise men in the world's administration; or whether might makes right and God is only on the side of the strong battalions. This question I do not here consider; for it is no part of the object of these articles to show that the view of life taken by the Biblical writers is correct. I only seek to show what that view is; to interpret the Old Testament, not to discuss its accuracy. To interpret it we must understand first of all the purpose of the writers; and the purpose of the historical writers of the Old Testament was not to secure infallible accuracy in dates, numbers, statistics, and historical incidents, but to interpret their national history as Jehovah's dealing with his people. Did they interpret it aright? and does this interpretation give us a clue by which we can interpret also the history of our own times? If so, the Bible history is true, and its truth is not impugned, and not even a suspicion is cast upon its truth, by the conclusion that certain of the incidents recorded in it are unhistorical, and many of the moral judgments which it records are to be corrected in the light of a later moral development and by the standards of a later revelation.

¹ Judges xv., 4.

² 1 Kings xvii., 4, 6. See Robert Tuck's "Handbook of Biblical Difficulties," p. 439.

³ 2 Kings vi., 1-7.

Books and a Boy

By Katharine Ferrand Reighard

SHE who knows best how to bring up children is usually one who has never had a child; and by the same reasoning, the only person who could plan out a course of reading for a child is one who has never tried it. Seriously speaking, before I had any children I had given not a little consideration as to what books I thought best fitted for young people and how they should be trained in the appreciation of good literature.

Looking forward with eager anticipation to the growth and mental development of my oldest boy, I prematurely began my experiments. I made many mistakes in giving to the child books and stories that his liking and mental development were not quite ready for. It was dear old Samuel Johnson who said, "While you are hesitating which book your boy shall read, and balancing the merits of the two books, another boy will have read them both."

I showed a lamentable ignorance of the child's mind. The mind is not, like the child's clothes, accurately measured and enlarged with the child's growth at a given time; it shows at certain periods definite limits of expression, and it never reveals its power for taking in impressions. Right here I realized the secret of my failure. I had sought to prescribe and impose certain stories and books from *without*, not realizing the child's own characteristics, and that what is truly acquired comes only from a response to an inward impulse. "Children," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things that they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to their understanding."

The boy's love for fairy, myth, and folklore stories was very early shown, and proved a source of untold delight to him. This preference naturally began at the close of the Mother Goose and nonsense-rhyme period, and reached its climax at the age of eight, and even now at eleven years he listens with much interest when a story of that nature is read to the younger children. During the folk-lore phase, which lasted from three to five

years, the "Alice in Wonderland" books, Andersen's and Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," the "Arabian Nights," Kingsley's "Water-Babies," stories from Homer and Virgil, and all of the Andrew Lang colored Fairy Books, were devoured with avidity. The folklore stories of Japan, China, and Norway, the Uncle Remus stories, and the Kipling Jungle Books were read with the same eagerness.

The period of living in a world peopled with giants, dwarfs, fairies, gods, and heroes endowed with powers for good and bad lasted longer than I thought it possible. Of this I was heartily glad, not only because the reading about them was a great pleasure to the child, but on account of the direct influence upon the teaching and developing of a rather imaginative mind. The stories of Ulysses, Perseus, Æneas, Siegfried, Arthur, and Parsifal were not idle tales to him. They were rich and full of the facts of life in the language of the imagination, which was as intelligible to him as to older people. It did not take me long to get rid of my preconceived idea that books for children must be childish in tone and expression, and I came to realize that a child takes pleasure all the more in reading books that are not about children. The Arabian Nights tales, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, and Don Quixote were written for older people, but because children love and enjoy them they have come to be classed among children's books. A child appreciates thoroughly the whimsicalities of the grown-up people in the stories far more readily than the made-to-order child in the commonplace child's story.

In a letter of Lowell's written in 1845 he said: "I suppose that very few men who are bred scholars ever think of such a thing as a course of reading after their freshman year in college. Their situation throws books constantly in their way, and they select by a kind of instinct the food which will suit their mental digestion, acquiring knowledge insensibly as the earth gathers soil. This was wholly the case with myself. There is hardly any

branch of knowledge in which I have not read *something*, and I have read a great many out-of-the-way books, yet there are many which almost every one reads that I have never opened." By this method Lowell shows practically how English literature is best learned.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, says: "Keep your views of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one; as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who has read deeply one class of writers alone gets views which are almost sure to be perverted and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination. This is perfectly free to any man; but, whether the amount is large or small, let it be varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this."

Charles Lamb, in speaking of Bridget Elia's happily neglected education, said: "She was tumbled, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English books, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up in this fashion."

I remembered how the omnivorous Macaulay gulped down everything within his reach, good, bad, and mediocre; and how Charles Sumner, the indifferent scholar, found a system all his own of all-devouring reading by which he laid up rich stores which no university or any course of reading could have taught him to acquire and hold in easy mastery. Armed with these examples, I turned aside from my theories of how and what my boy should read, and, with only a word here and there, the child, with free access to a library, took his own route, choosing his own books in this wise.

The interest in fairy and folk-lore stories led him to enjoy Hiawatha, and from this he plunged into Cooper's novels, and read them at the rate of two or three a week. The pleasure of reveling in the lives of the trappers and scouts carried him into the early colonial stories, among which were Charles Coffin's "Old Times in the Colonies and the French and Indian Wars," and, as was inevitable, there followed an interest in the Revolution, with a series of stories upon that epoch.

At this point he took a new line, suggested perhaps by re-reading the Tales from Homer and Virgil, and entered upon Charlotte Yonge's Histories of Rome and Greece, and Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." After this little outing he returned to his old love, Cooper, and the Indian became to him his boyish ideal. His play was always characterized by war-whoops, scalping, hunting, and the like. Showing by his questions that he sought more knowledge about the Indian, I suggested Parkman's "La Salle" and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and within a week he had devoured both of those fascinating books.

This rapid and continuous reading for so young a child made me fear that his mind would have no concentrating power, so, as an experiment, I offered him a reward if he would learn "Hiawatha's Childhood" by heart. At different times, which would be equivalent perhaps to three hours, he learned it all, and even more. He has no liking for poetry of any kind, and although beautiful poems have been conscientiously read to him, he fretted and objected to listening; so I concluded that perhaps this lack of appreciation was due to the fact that the child is somewhat tone-deaf, and consequently rhythm and rhyme do not give any pleasure to him.

After hearing a little account of the siege of Leyden, he was interested enough to read parts of Motley's "Dutch Republic," and a little later stories from the Nibelungenlied gave him delight in a history of Germany.

During this last year he has been completely absorbed by the age of chivalry, started there by the "Tales of King Arthur." This flame has been fanned by a number of stories by G. A. Henty on that period. In his play now he and his friends personate King Arthur and his knights and Ivanhoe, and his leisure time, when not reading, is spent in whittling out javelins, swords, and shields from sticks and boards.

The fifty or more books that Henty has written have such an attraction for him that he is now absorbing them with much partiality.

What I have learned from the child's own choice of books is that his judgment so far has been better than mine; that

his interest has naturally gone through the different phases from fairy tales and myths to the early stages of civilization, through which, as history and the modern psychologists have told us, the human mind passes.

I have begun to realize what an appetite for reading a child may have, that his understanding is quick and his conceptive faculty is ravenous for facts and pictures, and that he has no philosophical checks to make him read slowly, as we older people have.

Harriet Martineau, with her wise counsel to the anxious mother, is balm to my soul when she tells us we must not "be annoyed at the excess of the inconvenient propensity [for much and rapid reading], nor proud of any child who has it. It is no sign yet of a superiority of intellect, much less of that wisdom which in adults is commonly supposed to arise from large book-knowledge. It is simply an appetite for that provision of ideas and images which should, at this season, be laid in for the exercise of the higher faculties

which have yet to come into use. . . . The parents' main business during this process is to look to the quality of the books read; I mean, merely see that the child has the freest access to those of the best quality. . . . The child's own mind is a truer judge in this case than the parents' suppositions. Let but noble books be on the shelf, and the child will get nothing but good."

It is not unfair to refer to the examples of Macaulay, Sumner, Charles Lamb, and Lowell as examples of the right spirit in which miscellaneous reading may be carried on. They were all guilty of that desultory reading which seems to be the dread of so many parents and the despair of so many librarians. Very few people read for some special end; why should we insist upon our children doing it? The question for mothers is, How shall our children get on speaking terms with good books? how shall they catch the enthusiasm and passion for reading good literature? and how to make reading a delight for them and not a drudgery?

Paris as It Is¹

PERHAPS it is only necessary to speak the name of Paris to recall to one who loves the city its brilliant charm. Miss De Forest has done more for us than this, but she has not seriously tried to tell us why we love it. This is well, for if we are wise we do not care to be too precise as to the source of our affections. We love Paris one day for one thing and one day for another—now it is for her memories, now for the free access to her delights which all enjoy, now for the Champs Élysées, now for the Latin Quarter or Mont Maître, now for her woods, again for her boulevards and her never-ceasing gayety of life, and then for her noble theater. She has her moods, and we have ours, and they fit in with and help one another. What is good for to-day, when the sun is shining and dappling the *allées* of the *bois*, will not be good for to-morrow, when the falling rain will be dimming the outlines of the historic Louvre and washing the pebbled paths of

the palace of Richelieu, once bespattered by the blood let by the drunken revolutionists.

All this, and a good deal more, occurs to one who reads Miss De Forest's book about the Paris of to-day. So much has been written about the old French capital, in which there is now so little that is really old that it must be hunted for, that one naturally fears, in taking up a new book, an encounter with the dullness of repetition, and, in consequence, a temporary obscuration of the beloved charms. But there is nothing in this book that is dull, although, owing to its character and its length, there are some things more suggestive than satisfying. It is a book, however, which brings Paris back to those who know it, while it will be of great advantage to those who are seeking an acquaintance with it. It is not a guide-book, but there is no guide-book that we know which, in so few words and with such sympathy, tells one the vantage-points for seeing the beauties of the city and its site, its beauties small and large.

Miss De Forest has lived so long in

¹*Paris as It Is: An Intimate Account of its People, its Home Life, and its Places of Interest.* By Katharine De Forest. (Illustrated.) Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25.

the city that she knows her Paris and its people as they are to-day. She comprehends the modern point of view of old institutions, and feels the present attitude of the volatile Parisians towards some traditions concerning which less-informed Americans maintain an antique attitude. Perhaps these old-fashioned notions make their possessors happier than will enlightenment, but that will not prevent most Americans from thanking Miss De Forest for revealing to them the hollow sham which the Académie Française has partly become at the end of the nineteenth century, and the change that has transformed the great boulevards into mere ways of travel. It may be that you will think that you would prefer to continue to regard the green-coated social demigods as the intellectual hierarchy of France, although you know, of course, about the exclusion of Molière, Balzac, Daudet, and the rest of the brilliant company who died outside the charmed circle, and who are immortal nevertheless; but you are mistaken. You are really glad to know the truth, and if Miss De Forest had not given it to you in her little book you would have sought it, if you had found the scent, and you would have narrated, perhaps boastfully, to your less-informed countrymen, the gossip and the facts about the misleading traditions of this Academy, and of all the other French Academies, including the venerated Beaux-Arts, which, so Miss De Forest says, is far behind the times of art. For, being Americans, we all love facts, and we all want to be up-to-date. But we are also the most emotional of idealists, and, steeped in cold modern Parisian cynicism though our minds may be, and realizing well the depths to which greatness may have fallen, we will still stand on the cold stones of the courtyard of the Académie Française—as Miss De Forest herself does—and think with love and gratitude of the great men who have sat in its forty chairs and spoken at its receptions, of the worthy few who are now wearing the laurel, and of the splendid achievements of the Academy for the French tongue. And we will continue to go to the court of the Beaux-Arts and look upon the monuments of old

architecture gathered there, on the wall and gate of the Chateau Gaillon, and on the perfect façade of the little house which Henry II. built for Diana of Poitiers, and we will recognize that, however far behind the modern masters may fall, here are the monuments of a great history and of noble traditions, an inspiration to all who have the privilege of passing through the court every blessed day of their lives.

Paris is a city about which one is tempted to grow garrulous, and perhaps the very best thing I can say about Miss De Forest's book is that it incites to garrulity one who loves the city. It is a real view of Paris and the Parisians that you get; or, rather, a series of real glimpses into inner Paris. A good many Americans will be glad to know what Miss De Forest tells them concerning the restaurants of the city, and those of them who are going to the Exposition after an absence of several years, and who want to spend an evening at the place whither all Paris resorts after the opera and the theater, are warned by this book not to rush off in heady fashion to the café that was fashionable a quarter of a century ago, when they were young. Fashion has set her plate at a half-hundred different tables since then, and it will be well to inquire of some well-developed Parisian before deciding on the exact hostelry at which you are going to show your inexperienced friends the fashions of midnight. The illuminating chapter on the theater will also tend to add to the interest of the scene itself; and one may gather, too, the nature of the talk of literary and artistic Paris from the chapters on these subjects. Especially is the chapter on "The Commerce of Art in Paris" to be recommended, partly from an economic point of view and partly because the heeding of its warning and advice may save some chagrin to worthy gentlemen intent on patronage.

The long and short of it is that Paris is the most enchanting city in the world, and that Miss De Forest's book will delight those who know it, and will give to those who visit it for the first time the comfort of feeling initiated.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Addresses on Foreign Missions. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Congregational House, Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 187 pages. \$1.

What the Lord, as related in Exodus, said of Aaron, "I know that he can speak well," all men say of Dr. Storrs. Especially well does he speak on heart-warming themes, as missionary movements. There is nothing of his oratory in print better than the ten addresses in this volume, the last of which was delivered before the International Council of the Congregational Churches last autumn, and the rest at the annual meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions during the years in which he was its President. The Board has done a good thing in collecting them into this volume in response to numerous requests for one and another of the series.

Arts of Life, The. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4×7 in. 306 pages. \$1.25.

In this little tastefully-made volume Mr. Bowker happily combines the insight of a man of strong religious nature and definite ethical convictions with the results of intelligent observation and a deep sympathy with the best movements of his time and with the highest aspirations of his fellows. Associated as he has been with many reform movements, Mr. Bowker never lost the power of seeing things as they are; his ethical impulses have energized his spiritual insight rather than limited it; and this volume is the product of wise, broad, and sane thinking and observation. Life is presented through its various forms of expression as the highest of all the arts, and this art is perfected by education, not only through its technical processes, but through business, politics, and religion; personality attaining its complete growth only as it is drawn out through these large activities, and only as it adequately expresses itself in these comprehensive relationships. Mr. Bowker does not deal with generalizations alone; he draws many illustrations from contemporary conditions and current history; and his book shows throughout the sanity of a man who is in touch with actual life.

Burden of Christopher, The. By Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 315 pages. \$1.50.

Campaigning in the Philippines. By Karl Irving Faust. Illustrated. The Hicks-Judd Co., San Francisco. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ in. 314 pages.

A running narrative of events connecting the official documents, extracts from newspaper articles, and other material out of which the volume is chiefly made. There are many

half-tone reproductions of photographs. The compilers have commendably avoided effusive writing, and have made a consecutive and orderly story of actual happenings.

Chopin: The Man and His Music. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 415 pages. \$2.

This life and interpretation of the great Polish pianist and composer is almost too complete and exhaustive for the average musical reader. The first third of the volume is devoted to a biography of Chopin, and confirms the unpleasant impression that Chopin, in both personality and genius, may be called a sort of Shelley or Poe of music, much of the time morbid and lawless. This, however, does not affect the fact that Chopin produced some of the most sensuously and poetically beautiful pianoforte music in existence, although we doubt if any but extreme Chopinites will care to read Mr. Huneker's two hundred and fifty pages of interpretation in which he dissects and criticises Chopin's compositions, bar by bar and note by note. On the whole, careful as it is, Mr. Huneker's work is an indication that the Chopin cult is in more danger of being overdone than forgotten.

Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, The. (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 582 pages. \$2.

A good single-volume edition—cover in best literary taste, page and type acceptable, paper tolerable if not fine. The idea is prevalent that Scott's poems are no longer read except by boys; certainly their immense spirit and flashing action do appeal to the liking of lads, but a re-reading of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake" will well repay the older reader.

Conception of Immortality, The. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 91 pages. \$1.

Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur D. Innes, M.A. (The World's Epoch-Makers Series. Edited by Oliphant Smeaton.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 199 pages. \$1.25.

The design of the series of which this is the first volume is to "give a bird's-eye view of the most prominent movements that have taken place in theology, philosophy, and the history of intellectual development, from Buddha to the present day." Cranmer's place in this series is due to no importance of his as an epoch-maker, however epochal for England her break with Rome, but rather to the fact that he more than any other man gave the Church of England its distinguishing characteristic of a comprehensiveness at once Protestant and Catholic. This claim Mr. Innes

justly makes for him, "the least of the martyrs" though he was, with a character at once singularly pure and strangely blending strength of intellect with weakness of will. The present volume is less a biography of Cranmer than a sketch of the confused and stormy period of change to which he gave its ultimate shaping in the resultant ecclesiastical establishment. As such it is free from the partisanship which colors many modern accounts. Not the least of its merits is its insistence on a legitimate use of party names, as shown in the concise statement that "the mutually exclusive terms are, Romanist and Protestant, Puritan and Catholic."

Custom of Barter, The. By Henry Western Miller. Press of Bird & Fletcher Printing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 5x7½ in. 242 pages.

Donatello. By Hope Rea. (Illustrated.) **Correggio.** By Selwyn Brinton. The Macmillan Co., New York. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. Edited by G. C. Williamson.) 5x7¼ in. \$1.75 each.

To the innumerable books and series of books which have been written about artists and their work must be added this new claimant for attention; and, on the whole, it deserves attention. The volumes are prepared for popular reading and information, but may be easily read by younger readers. Each volume contains some excellent "half-tone" reproductions of famous pictures by the artists whose work is described. The great fault of all such series is that the authors incline too much to tell the reader what to think, instead of exhibiting the artist and his work and letting the reader do his own thinking.

Dwight L. Moody. By his son William R. Moody. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6½x9½ in. 590 pages. \$2.50.

It is enough to say that the biographer has fulfilled his sacred trust with fidelity and good judgment, in a simple record of the faithful career and portrait of the character, as all men saw it, of the great evangelist. It is a record whose picture of his broad humanity, strenuous sagacity, apostolic ardor, and joyous Christian soldiery is well fitted to perpetuate the influence of one whose like the world will not soon see again. The early appearance of unauthorized biographies seems to have required a rapidity of preparation that has allowed no leisure for aught beyond the objective features of the subject as given in narrative. Accordingly, it suffices at present to congratulate the biographer on what appears to be the first installment of his work. It is intended, he says, to prepare the more studied interpretation of his father's life for which a desire has been expressed.

Empress Octavia. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Walloth. By Mary J. Safford. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 378 pages. \$1.50.

The character of Nero and his courtiers, and the fate of his chaste wife Octavia, unjustly put to death by his command, form the main subject of this romance. In general effect it is sufficiently near to the reality of those infamous years, and might have been nearer in some details; e. g., Juvenal's well-known allusion in his first Satire to the living torches—

"*qui fixo gutture fumant*"—which Nero set up in his gardens (men wrapped in coverings soaked with pitch and fastened to stakes while they burned) is exaggerated into a description of tall tree-trunks topped with gigantic bouquets, each inclosing a human victim. A less excusable indifference to facts appears in the crucifix represented as held by a Christian martyr about to be cast to the lions. One who is aware that the crucifix did not appear in Christian art till a thousand years later is affected by this as he would be by reading of Alfred the Great as striking a match to light his study lamp. Nevertheless, as a realistic exhibition of the pit into which the ancient virtue of Rome was plunged at length by the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, this romance carries a moral interest without the moral drawbacks sometimes caused by too free a hand in literary art.

Fratrisc Francis Bartholi de Assisio. Tractatus de Indulgentia S. Maria de Portiuncula. Nunc primum integre edidit Paul Sabatier. Librairie Fischbacher, Paris, France. 5½x9 in. 12 francs.

M. Paul Sabatier, the author of the best of all biographies of St. Francis of Assisi, has now published the second volume of his "Collection of Documents Concerning Religious and Literary History in the Middle Ages." This volume includes a long series of papers about the famous Indulgence or Pardon of Assisi, and the author brings the account down to the middle of the fourteenth century, a time when the compilation of Francis Bartholi was made. Almost all anterior sources of information were utilized in this compilation; as M. Sabatier says, "It marks the definitive triumph of legend over history." The Indulgence which St. Francis obtained of the Pope was a plenary pardon for all past sins, granted to those who, having confessed, communed, and having been absolved, visited the Chapel of St. Mary of Portiuncula on the second of August of each year. This volume, full of erudition and learning, will throw additional light upon the life of the most fascinating character of the Middle Ages, as well as upon the social and religious conditions of those ages.

Guide to the Trees, A. By Alice Lounsberry. Introduction by Dr. N. L. Britton. Illustrated by Mrs. Ellis Rowan. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5¼x7½ in. 313 pages. \$2.50.

A compact and well-printed volume by the author of "A Guide to the Wild Flowers," copiously illustrated with both colored and black-and-white plates and diagrams by the illustrator of that volume, and with an introduction by Dr. Britton. About two hundred trees, a small number of shrubs prominent in northeastern America, and a few characteristic species from the South and West, are described in these pages, classified according to the soil in which they are most likely to grow. The color illustrations which are reproduced from original paintings by the illustrator are particularly valuable.

His Lordship's Leopard. By D. D. Wells. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 301 pages. \$1.50.

Comic, pure and simple. To look at probabilities or possibilities as one would do with a

book which pretended to be serious would be ridiculous. Yet we cannot help saying that at the end the reader feels as one does when a friend has perpetrated a long and involved story, which is told for the sole reason of leading up to an execrable pun. But the topsyturviness of the incidental situation will give some hearty laughs. The author's "Her Ladyship's Elephant" had an immense success.

History of Russian Literature, A. By K. Waliszewski. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 451 pages. \$1.50.

The latest addition to the very useful "Literatures of the World" Series, edited by Edmund Gosse, deals with the literature of one of the most interesting races of Europe; a literature which has become thoroughly known to Western Europe only within the last two decades, and which, through the genius of its novelists, has come to hold a great place in the interest and regard of the reading world. The historian, Mr. Waliszewski, is an open-minded writer and not a blind devotee to Slavism. He sees clearly the limitations of the Russian literary movement, and candidly points them out; and he renders the reader the great service of making both the limitations and the strength of the literature with which he deals intelligible by its relation to geographical, historical, and economic conditions. Russia has no great epic and no great drama; in fact, she has no great single poem; but there is no country in Europe which, within a certain field, is richer than Russia in the material of which literature is made. The popular stories which have in many cases an epic character are particularly numerous, significant, and vital in their relation to Russian life. Outside of Pouchkine, the greatest of Russian poets, the interest of Western Europe is centered upon the great novelists, Gogol, Dostoevski, Turgenief, and Tolstoi, of whom this historian gives a very full account. The presentation is not only full, but it is dispassionate in temper and very interesting in form.

Master of Craft, A. By W. W. Jacobs. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4¾x7¼ in. 339 pages. \$1.50.

If there have been any more richly humorous short stories written of late years than those in Mr. Jacobs's "Many Cargoes" and "More Cargoes," we do not know where to find them. His sailormen (who mostly sail in luggers and small craft about the English coast) are as real as Captain Cuttle, and are funny because they can't help it. In this longer story we fear that Mr. Jacobs has committed the mistake of trying to stretch what should have been a short tale into a book. The old-time humor is here, so also the absurd complications into which the author's simple men of ships are wont to fall; but the crisis of the situation is maintained too long, and the reader's attention becomes wearied.

Problems of Life: Selections from the Writings of Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Selected by S. T. D. Introduction by Washington Gladden. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 307 pages. \$1.50.

A book of selections from the sermons and addresses of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, arranged and classified according to subject. Dr.

Washington Gladden has written an introduction for the volume.

Popular History of the Church of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By William Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, Hon. D.C.L., Oxon. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. (Illustrated.) 5x7½ in. 517 pages. \$2.50.

The Bishop of Ripon is one of the most popular preachers in the Established Church, and deservedly so, for he combines in a rare degree scholarship, sanity, broad sympathies, and the gift of eloquent expression. His account of the growth and present condition of the National Church will differ, therefore, very widely from some of the histories which have come from the hands of ecclesiastics of a narrow and less spiritual type. The long story is told in five hundred pages, with many interesting and well-selected illustrations.

Strength of Gideon, and Other Stories. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 362 pages. \$1.25.

Mr. Dunbar is the first of his race to depict its characteristics with real humor. He has also a natural and simple touch of pathos. He has not yet shown any constructive power, and, as a rule, those stories of his are the best which are simplest in plot.

Sunday-School Reform from the Modern Educational Standpoint. By Mary E. Hutcheson. Church Education Association, Columbus, O. 4¾x7 in. 39 pages.

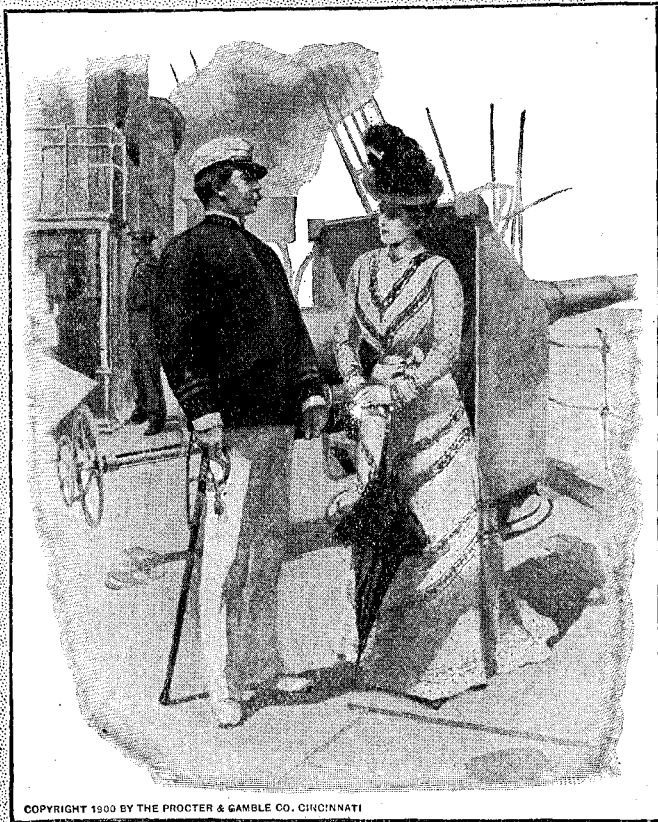
The Labour Annual: The Reformer's Year-Book for 1900. Edited and published by Joseph Edwards Wallasey, Cheshire, England. Imported by Leonard D. Abbott, New York. Paper. 35c.

This year-book is designed to meet the needs of English Socialists in somewhat the same way that the "Financial Reform Almanac" meets the needs of English Radicals. It does not, however, deprecate the work of the Almanac in the matter of statistical information, but supplements it by supplying information respecting Socialists, social reform, and independent labor movements all over the world. It contains, among other things, not only the political information essential to such a volume, but also directories of Socialist Sunday-schools and Labor Churches (about a score of each), brief biographies of social reformers along various lines, and an index of recent social reform publication. The work is well done.

Three Men on Wheels. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 299 pages. \$1.50.

The very same three amusing gentlemen who once went up the Thames in a boat now ride through Germany on bicycles, and they continue to be amusing in act and talk. "It is the hope and aim of every well-meaning German boy and girl to please the police. To be smiled at by a policeman makes it conceited." In the German passion for order, obedience, and discipline, Mr. Jerome finds endless opportunity for satire and jest. He has a quaintly irresistible way of twisting fact and fancy that makes a laugh inevitable. If he were not so obviously a Cockney in training, his humor might easily be taken for the American variety. Certainly his books are well appreciated on this side of the ocean, and there is no doubt that this one will meet as cordial a welcome as have its predecessors.

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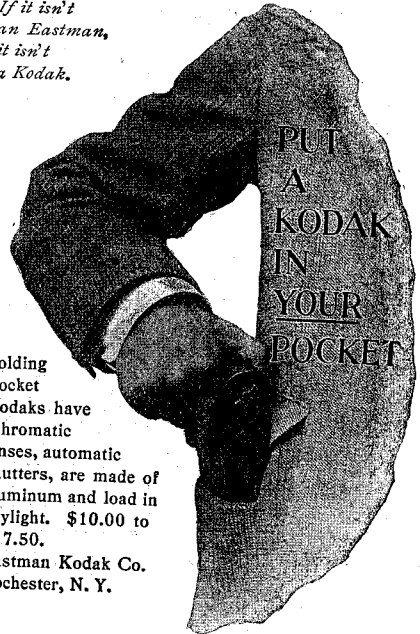
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